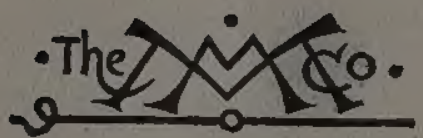
THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE

THE PSALMS *


The MMC Co

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE

A SERIES OF WORKS FROM THE SACRED SCRIPTURES PRESENTED IN MODERN LITERARY FORM

THE PSALMS

AND

LAMENTATIONS

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

RICHARD G. MOULTON, M.A. (CAMB.), PH.D. (PENN.)

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN TWO VOLUMES

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY New York 1962

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

1898

All rights reserved

35177
BS
195
M6
1896
v. 16:1

Copyright, 1898,
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

VOLUME FIRST

CONTAINING

INTRODUCTION

PSALMS, BOOKS I, II

NOTES TO PSALMS, BOOKS I, II

INTRODUCTION

The Book of Psalms is recognised as the perfection of lyric poetry. It well may be. The musical meditation which is the essence of lyrics can find no higher field than the devout spirit which at once raises itself to the service of God, and overflows on the various sides of active and contemplative life. There is another reason. One of the chief interests of Hebrew among the world's great literatures is the uniqueness of its verse system, founded less on verbal rhythm than on parallelism of whole expressions. In other languages, burdened as they are with versification of counted syllables and measured vowel sounds, the harmonious intricacies and elastic windings of lyric poetry have to be attained by a triumph of thought over mechanism: Hebrew poetry carries its lyric rhythm into the very thought itself.

Accordingly in a literary edition of the Psalms the first task must be an investigation of the metrical parallelism which underlies them. What of metre in the ordinary sense is possessed by these poems belongs to the original Hebrew; parallelism is independent of particular languages, and makes itself felt even in a free translation. That such

parallelism can be reduced to a regular system, tested by recurrence of the same phenomena in different poems, and by perpetual harmony between thought and external form, I have endeavoured to bring out in this volume, both by theory and practical arrangement. The theory I have relegated to the commencement of the notes, for the sake of readers who may not care for technicalities. But I would suggest to the most ordinary reader that a little attention given to the metrical system of the psalms would be amply repaid by enhanced appreciation of their rhythmic beauty.

Three distinct lines of development have united to lay foundations for the rhythmic system of the psalms. The traditional poetry, preserved in historic books of Scripture, is largely connected with extemporisation; it has contributed to later verse the elastic unit of the varying 'strain.' Another unit is contributed by wisdom literature, in the gnomic couplet on which alike its verse and prose are founded. Not less important than these among the originating sources of poetry is the dance, the intricate evolutions of which reflect themselves in oral literature in corresponding intricacies of verse; from this influence it has come about that even the 'line,' or half parallel, may be a unit in elaborate lyric versification. These three different units, with their aggregations and combinations, make up a copious variety of figures of parallelism, such as give to the poetry of the psalms an elasticity that never

checks the flow of thought, and a sensitiveness that can reflect every change of thought in change of expression.

We find in these Biblical lyrics 'antistrophic' structure, stanzas running in pairs; as in Greek, each strophe is answered rhythm for rhythm by its antistrophe, but, unlike the Greek, the Biblical antistrophe answers thought as well as rhythm. If in a particular rhythmic form we find recited hostile threats —

How say ye to my soul,
'Flee as a bird to your mountain?
'For, lo, the wicked bend their bow,
'They make ready their arrow upon the string,
'That they may shoot in darkness at the upright in heart?'
'If the foundations be destroyed,
'What can the righteous do?'

in the precise duplicate of this rhythmic form we hear the response of faith:

The LORD is in his holy temple,
The LORD, his throne is in heaven:
His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men;
The LORD trieth the righteous,
But the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth;

Upon the wicked he shall rain snares:
Fire and brimstone and burning wind shall be the portion of their cup.

A strophe will trace the breaking down of the psalmist's faith, and the antistrophe bring out its sudden recovery; this structure will place side by side an oracle of God and its glad acceptance, the busy schemes of earth's rulers and the Divine scorn that overrides them. Or, more elaborately, the opening thought of a strophe—

O LORD, *thou hast searched me*—

gathers force as it goes; the sense of oppression in the Divine presence reaches at last a climax which is found to be a turning point; throughout the antistrophe the thought is measuring its steps backward, until, when the rhythm is complete, the opening note is reversed—

Search me, O LORD.

Or again, as in English poetry, we find a flow of many 'stanzas,' conveying less marked movement of thought. The simplicity of stanzas does not exclude elaborations. Recurrent refrains bind the stanzas together, or catch variations with the varying spirit of the movement. Couplet themes find development in stanzas that follow them, as when a priest leads his choir. Or a series of stanzas is

'enveloped' by a reflection or benediction at the beginning and end; or, by a variation of the same device, a question poises itself in mid thought—

LORD, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?

until a detailed survey of particulars of moral purity enables it to answer itself—

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

One hymn of triumph marks its movement by augmenting successive stanzas from four to five, six, seven couplets; to contrast with this we have an elegy the antistrophic stanzas of which are steadily diminishing from five to four, three, two couplets, as if the very power to mourn were dying down.

Different types of structure may be combined, and fresh elaborations come in; more especially the characteristically lyric device of 'interruption.' The psalm which is celebrating, in stanzas of five, God's blessing upon the personal life, sinks into stanzas of four while it dwells upon the frailty of that personal life, and then returns to its first rhythm; its companion psalm reviews, in a long succession of stanzas of five, the creator's external universe, and sinks to stanzas of four to tell the dependence of each living thing upon the spirit of God, returning to the stanzas of five for a final exaltation of the Divine majesty. Or

again, personal trouble in one rhythm interrupts itself in the middle with a contrast of national hopes in a different measure; upon stanzas of despair there breaks in anti-strophic interruption of denunciation before a return to the stanza form is found to have brought a calmer frame of mind.

These are some of the elaborations which have grown up by long tradition of lyric versification. A late age has added one more in acrostic structure. Alphabetic elaborations are found in meditative psalms, in liturgies, even in poems of a dramatic cast. And the famous hundred and nineteenth psalm, with its eightfold acrostic initials, and synonym for 'law' in every verse, is a monument of how mechanism may be the handmaid of devotion.

But metric forms are only the vestibule of sacred poetry, the reader's main interest will be in the matter which these psalms contain. Lyric verse is the confidant of the soul in all its moods; from pompous ritual and national pæan down to the cry of a solitary soul in the dark, there is nothing that cannot find a record in the Book of Psalms. The first psalm strikes a keynote in its blessing on the meditative life, and a considerable section of the whole is made by the outpourings of the life of contemplation. Psalm xxxvi, against a background of evil so corrupt that iniquity has become its own law, contemplates an Infinite Good, whose dimensions are the height of the heavens,

the depths of the seas, the strength of the mountains: in Him is the fountain of all life. Two are emphatically nature psalms: one beholds in man (viii) the viceroy of God, the other (xxix) presents a thunderstorm, with the *Voice of Jehovah* for its refrain, his glory for its prelude, and his peace for its final note. Nature and human life are drawn together by the nineteenth psalm with its contemplation of the starry heavens above and the law of Jehovah within, and the companion hymns (ciii, civ) which celebrate the God of the personal life and the God of external nature as one. Psalm xv describes the consecrated life: the following poem tells of its joy and gladness. 'God of my life' might well be a title for such psalms as lxi and lxiii; the conception is broadened into a recognition of the God of the national life in the two psalms founded on Moses' Song, one of which (xc) expands the thought —

The Eternal God is thy dwelling place —

the other (xci) the succeeding thought —

Underneath are the everlasting arms.

Longings for the house of God, with thoughts of the pilgrimages to the sacred feasts, are the inspiration of psalm lxxxiv; in another poem (xlii–iii) we have the same longing in one who is either actually an exile, or by some

cause exiled from the temple worship. But what in this last is only sketched, is displayed in all fulness and variety in the fifteen 'Songs of Ascents' which constitute a psalter within the psalter. Composed, apparently, by putting together hymns of the festal pilgrimages and hymns inspired by the exile and return from Babylon, this collection widens suggestively our whole conception of pilgrimage, and presents it in its every stage. We have cries of Israel out of the depth of its affliction, the cry of the individual exile from the bitter environment of foreign speech, or as he is lost in the crowd of slaves waiting with obsequious eyes upon an oriental master; we catch the moment when the turn of the captivity comes to the exiles as a dream, when with mingled tears and gladness they see the first caravans set out and hope for this seed-time to grow to a harvest of joy for themselves; there is the complete deliverance, with the snare broken and themselves escaped; we find a traveller's hymn with 'the LORD thy keeper' for its burden; songs of family joys beguile the road; the first sight of Mount Zion and the mountains round about Jerusalem suggests thoughts of the firm foundations of Jehovah's righteousness; salutations to the Holy City are sung while the feet stand within its gates; there is celebration of the unity of brethren thus gathered from a distance in common worship, the dews of Hermon descended on the hill of Zion; the collection includes the old Dedication Hymn of David's temporary tabernacle and Solomon's

finished temple; for conclusion we have the exchange of blessings as the congregation retire and leave the Night Watch to lift up their hands in worship through the dark hours. Israel's deepest trouble has been blended with its high festal joys to constitute the 'pilgrimage' of this 'Pilgrim's Hymn Book.'

The second psalm opens another type of poems, with its Song of the Lord's Anointed. The reader who is accustomed to find Messianic prophecies in every psalm must remember that these belong to secondary interpretations, to symbolic meanings which must be determined by canons of theological exegesis: literature is concerned with the primary meaning of the poems, and here Messianic psalms make but one section out of many. The idea of king is found to vary in the poetry of the psalter. Apart from such psalms as lxi and lxiii, in which the 'king' appears only as any other devout worshipper, we find two main senses of the word. In the War Anthems (xx–xxi) we have antiphonal passages of king and people; though the term is general, we may presume that this is the king of Israel, and the same will apply to the king of the Royal Marriage Hymn (xlv). In Psalms cxxxii and lxxxix we have specific reference to the covenant with David and his seed: here the king is clearly the king of Israel, exalted a conqueror over his adversaries, yet still the ruler only of the chosen nation. In two psalms we have the full Messianic conception: the Lord's Anointed is exalted (ii) over

the whole earth, in spite of the vain opposition of earthly rulers; again (cx) Jehovah bids his chosen sit at his right hand until his foes have become his footstool, while he is exalted king over the nations, priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek. Perhaps a link between the narrower and the wide conception of king may be seen in the thought (lxxii) of a dynasty of righteousness:

Give the king thy judgements, O God,
And thy righteousness unto the king's son.

This dynasty is to bring refreshment and mercy to the oppressed, abundance to the whole earth; the kings of Tarshish and Sheba shall offer gifts, and all nations shall bow down in submission. Parallel with the two conceptions of the Lord's king are the two conceptions of Zion. The Zion of the Sennacherib psalms is indeed beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the lair out of which springs Judah's lion, yet it is no more than the metropolis of Judah; in psalm lxxxvii all nations are pictured as enrolling themselves in the citizenship of the Zion loved of Jehovah; nay, all founts of excellence are found in her. We may almost say that there is a similar expansion in the conception of God. The Song of the Exodus (cxiv) celebrates a deity of whom it is said that Judah is his sanctuary and Israel his dominion; and this, in contradistinction to the older territorial conception of gods,

comes as a new thought at which all nature is moved. A great portion of the psalter, on the other hand, is made up of hymns the main point of which is to celebrate how 'Jehovah reigneth' over the whole earth, and all nations must bow before him.

This last has introduced us to yet another division of the psalter: that which connects itself with sacred ritual. Sometimes it is national ritual. I have already referred to the War Anthems, antiphonal between king and people; one of these (xx–xxi) is made up of a prayer before battle, and a song of rejoicing after victory; another pair of companion psalms (lx, cviii) uses twice over the same material as part of a hymn of defeat and a hymn of victory. There is again a Royal Marriage Hymn, celebrating a union of some king of Israel, apparently with a Tyrian princess: it is natural to find a strophe devoted to the bridegroom, and its antistrophe to the bride. Every people has its National Anthem: for Israel the Book of Psalms provides four National Hymns, suggestive of four stages in the history of Israel. The National Hymn of the Wilderness (cxxxvi) has the primitive structure of single recitative lines alternating with the choral shout —

For his mercy endureth for ever:

its recital is of the simple wonders of the wilderness, and its final triumph is over Sihon king of the Amorites and

Og the king of Bashan. The National Hymn of the Promised Land is in simple couplets, and its history extends just so far as the taking the possessions of the nations; unbroken joy reigns throughout, and the prominent topics are Egypt and Canaan, and Joseph the historic link between the two. Of a very different order is the Hymn of the Kingdom of Judah. Psalm lxxviii is one of the most elaborate of sacred lyrics; after a long introduction announcing the 'parable' of God's ways with his people, the keynote is struck in the defection of the northern tribes, presented under the image of warriors in all their armour deserting on the field of battle: from this point there is the characteristic Hebrew rhythm of the pendulum swing, and successive strophes alternate between God's wondrous dealings with his people and Israel's passive unfaithfulness, until the final awakening of Divine power is a rejection of Joseph, and a fresh call of Judah to be the chosen people. The matter of this poem seems to be worked up afresh for a National Hymn of the Captivity (cvi); there is the same pendulum alternation, with a bias towards rebellion and disaster, until the significance becomes clear in a prayer for deliverance from captivity.

Other psalms, it is obvious, belong to Divine worship. Besides Occasional Anthems there are the general Festal Hymns: these seem to have always for their theme the celebration of Jehovah as the creator and ruler of all the earth, as well as the special protector of his own people.

Usually their structure is a simple alternation between ejaculations of praise and the matter on which this praise is founded. Psalm xciii is a variation from this, the theme of Jehovah's immovable throne being interrupted by a pictorial illustration:

The floods have lifted up, O LORD,
The floods have lifted up their voice;
The floods lift up their waves:

Above the voices of many waters,
The mighty breakers of the sea,
The LORD on high is mighty.

The Festal Hymn extends itself into the Festal Anthem by the linking together of successive psalms: such is the conclusion of the psalter where, through five poems of the Biblical numbering, is sustained an antiphony of two choruses, one calling on all things to join in praise, one bringing matter for rejoicing, until both unite in the line—

Let every thing that hath breath praise the LORD.

With the Festal Hymn we may rank the Votive Hymn: in Biblical poetry a vow is always performed as a personal merged in a general thanksgiving. And this is extended into a Votive Anthem in the 'Egyptian Hallel' (cxiii–cxviii), portions of which constituted the special

hymns of the great feasts. So far we have had hymns of praise only. But other moods of the soul find expression in the ritual of the psalter — supplication, confession of faith, penitence, devout aspiration. As a climax to this type of composition, we find in several cases varying moods of worship united in the same poem without links of connection: we thus have a complete liturgy within the limits of a single psalm.

National and ecclesiastical ritual meet in psalm lxviii. This is one of the masterpieces of the world's lyrics; even in the diluted English version it is difficult to read this mighty marching song without the feet longing to tramp and the hands to wave. This poem may be regarded as the Hebrew *Te Deum*. Originally no doubt composed for some specific occasion, its terms are nevertheless so general that it might serve for any triumphant celebration. It is a Processional Hymn, and it breathes the spirit of triumphal procession into its survey of past, present, and future. Its opening is to recall the primitive processional pomp of the ark in its wilderness journeys:

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered;
Let them also that hate him flee before him.

The past is the procession of Jehovah through the wilderness, with Sinai trembling at his presence, while his delivered people grow into prosperous families, and the gracious

rain of manna plentifully provides for their weary journeyings. The conquest is a triumphal march from Bashan to Zion: Jehovah gives the word of advance, and in the next line women's voices are crying the tidings of victory. If there be stages in this conquest, snatches of victory songs are the only tokens, and the whole past becomes one stride of advance—

Sinai is in the sanctuary.

There is now a partial change of rhythm; God appears as a God of the present moment, daily bearing his people's burdens; and the procession of the day is pictured—singers, dancers, the tribes in their order of march. The future is seen as a procession of the nations, under their symbolic forms hastening to the temple of the God who has scattered the people that delight in war. And the final note echoes the conception of Moses' Song by which the God of Israel is seen riding in triumphal procession in the heavens on high, with the excellency of the skies for his attendant pomp.

If the contents of a literary work may be analysed according to their mass, then the leading topic of the Book of Psalms is trouble and its relief. Here a difficult question of interpretation arises. In these psalms of trouble who suffers, and who is it that speaks? Some, influenced by the traditional title of the book, are content to answer, David. Other interpreters show a special tendency to see

in every possible case the nation of Israel as the speaker in the monologues of sacred poetry. Others again watch for the most minute circumstances from which they can infer the historic surroundings of the particular psalms. Of course, there are cases in which any one of these treatments may be justified. I see no difficulty in believing that we have among the psalms some of the actual compositions of David, however modified and enlarged by the oral tradition of singers and Levites through which they have come down. Some psalms are obviously national: more especially the elegies that mourn over Jerusalem in ruins, or bewail fallen Israel under the image of its national emblem the Vine (lxxx). And in this connection may be mentioned — what is included in this volume with the Book of Psalms — the greatest of elegies, the *Lamentations* or Acrostic Dirge over the Fall of Jerusalem. Again, there are psalms the whole style and contents of which proclaim them to be 'Occasional Poems.' I have gone further than most editors in recognising, not only the Sennacherib psalms, but also those connected with the Inauguration of Jerusalem by David; I believe we know all that happened on that great historic occasion — what was sung six paces from the house of Obed-Edom, what at the foot of the hill and again in front of the gates, in the tabernacle when the ark rested, and at the close of the proceedings in the palace of King David. But these elegies and occasional poems make distinct species: for the

psalms of trouble taken as a whole I must — at the risk, I fear, of alienating some of my readers — express the opinion that it is a mistaken expenditure of exegetical energy to investigate authorship and historic surroundings. I reckon it amongst the impediments to the study of literature that it is overshadowed by the more popular studies of history and biography, with the result that the personality of an author and circumstances of actual life are forever being allowed to interpose between a creative poem and the mind of the reader. To illustrate from a different side of literature: these individual interpretations of the psalms make one think of the bitter complaints made by dramatists of real life, from Ben Jonson downward, to the effect that people persist in seeing clever personal allusions in what they intended as general sketches of life and character. So in regard to the psalms: there are not sufficient materials for determining their authorship — witness the varying results of the editors; more than this, if we could discover with certainty the external circumstances which produced them, the information would come as so much limitation to their force and beauty. The psalms are not versified diaries of the saints: every line proclaims them the work of poets — not the less saints for being poets — who have followed the natural instinct of poetry to generalise and idealise everything it touches. To take one amongst many indications. It is the rule, and not an exception, in these

psalms to find crowded together expressions of pining, wasting away and bodily pain, and again expressions which tell of actual foes and threatening armies. No doubt it is a possibility that this combination of internal and external trouble might distinguish a single individual situation, but when this is found to characterise psalm after psalm, every one must read it as evidence of the generalised pictures they present. What the psalms give us is neither items of personal experience nor chapters of contemporary history, but an ideal conception of suffering and its relief in the economy of Divine mercy. And devotion, not less than poetry, is the gainer by this poetic interpretation of Biblical poetry. If I could know with positive certainty that the third psalm was wrung out of David by the agony of the flight from Absalom, it would present itself to my mind as less beautiful than it does at present, when the simple significance of its words brings home to us a weary sense of oppression, tempered only by the thought of a protecting God who will hear and answer, changed with the awakening from sleep to a freshness and relief that brings new vigour to encounter untold dangers — in a word, the daily drama of weariness and God-given refreshment that every succession of night and morning may bring to the devout soul. Into such a poem the reader may, if he pleases, read the story of David; he may equally read into it his own personal experience, and that of every similar case. For, though

the world is slow to believe it, idealism is the deepest realism: it is the poetry unlimited by personal facts that has points of contact with the imagination and experience of each individual reader.

In some psalms of this order it is the deliverance that is made the prominent topic. Such is the magnificent ode that constitutes the eighteenth psalm, presented to us in the historical books as David's Song of Victory: not, it is to be observed, the celebration of any particular victory, but of the victorious mercies of a whole lifetime. It opens with a burst of exuberant joy; then describes in general terms a desperate crisis; then overflows with imagery of all nature shaken to its foundations, as God hastens to the relief of the sufferer. The deliverance itself widens to the cause that has triumphed in the mercy shown to its representative.

With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful;
With the perfect man thou wilt show thyself perfect.

There is further broadening to confidence for the future of the speaker and the cause of right: and another burst of exuberant praise brings the ode to a close. The Ode of the Redeemed (cvii) presents in succession four different types of trouble, accompanying each with its double refrain, the cry of trouble and the shout of triumph: then changing to the pendulum rhythm, the ode celebrates

tion: each presents the transition of a dramatic plot within the limits of a lyric poem. Some of these dramatic psalms are very simple. The sixth opens with such words of woe that it has been reckoned amongst the penitential psalms; the distress is maintained through two stanzas, but with the third stanza —

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity;
For the LORD *hath heard the voice of my weeping*—

we catch the sudden deliverance, in the joy of which the speaker separates himself forever from the enemies of God. For an example of the elaborateness to which the lyric dramatisation of trouble can be carried, the reader should study the famous twenty-second psalm. The first of its long-drawn-out sections is impressive with its contrast of the holy God, enthroned on the praises of the fathers, and the helpless sufferer, a worm and no man, laughed to scorn as forsaken of his God, yet with no resource but this God on whom he has been cast from his mother's womb. With the second section the crisis intensifies: images of internal and external trouble become entangled. He is poured out like water; his heart is melted in the midst of his bowels; his strength is dried up like a potsherd; his tongue cleaveth to his jaws; all his bones are out of joint. Foes bellow round him like bulls of Bashan; like wild dogs they are flying at his hands and feet. Vividness

increases: he is stripped naked and can count his bones; the foes are staring with greedy expectancy upon his helpless frame; his garments are being divided by lot; the agony point is reached in a cry for dear life:

Deliver my soul from the sword;
My darling from the power of the dog;
Save me from the lion's mouth —
YEA, FROM THE HORNS OF THE WILD-OXEN THOU HAST ANSWERED ME!

In the very middle of a sentence has come this salvation in extremity; and the third section extends itself to its due length with overflow of grateful joy, in which all are to unite, high and low, strong and feeble, the very dying themselves and the generation that is to come.

The topic of trouble and relief merges in that which is the dominant thought of all Old-Testament literature — the judgment, the everlasting conflict daily going on between good and evil, in which evil is doomed. It is the counterpart of our modern providence; but to the Hebrew prophets the working of the universe was not so much a scheme of things, with beauty of design, as an irresistible Power at work for the confusion of evil doing. The great difficulty of life to ancient thinkers — the prosperity of the wicked — is reviewed in one psalm (xxxvii) in a tone of meditative faith; another (xlix) presents as a 'parable' of life judgment in the form of the grave, sweeping away

the wicked in the midst of their security, and leaving the faithful to triumph over their fall. Other psalms are appeals for judgment —

LORD, how long?

or they are expressions of confidence in the coming vindication of the righteous and the disclosure of a God that judgeth in the world. In other cases psalms of judgment rise into the region of vision. Such is the brief rhapsody (xiv) which presents a corruption so utter as to draw the astonishment of Deity itself: the amazement of heaven becomes felt on earth in a panic that seizes the ranks of the ungodly. One psalm with great boldness presents God judging in the congregation of gods: high potences like the 'sons of God' in *Job*, mystic rulers of the universe, are convicted of laxity which has left the evil of earth unchecked; nay more, they are degraded from their spiritual rank:

I said, ye are gods,
And all of you sons of the Most High;
Nevertheless ye shall die like men,
And fall like one of the princes.

Supreme among the visions of judgment is the fiftieth psalm. Its prelude presents God flashing forth out of the perfect beauty of Zion in a call to judgment: fire and tem-

pest fringe round the judge, heaven and earth make the circle of spectators, while in the presence are marshalled the covenanted saints on the one side and opposite them the wicked. In elaborate addresses, antistrophically the counterparts each of the other, the Divine judge lifts his faithful people's thoughts to a higher conception of sacrifice, charges the wicked to lay a foundation of right living before they take his covenant in their mouth. Not even the Book of Psalms can rise higher than the conclusion of this vision:

Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me;
And to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I
show the salvation of God.

These are the broader divisions of subject-matter that may be traced in the Hebrew psalter. For further discussion of these sacred poems this is not the place. The change from Judaism to Christianity is immense, but it is a change that has had no influence on the Book of Psalms: the modern Christian turns to it as naturally as the ancient Hebrew. It is safe to predict that, however much mankind may alter the articles of its belief, the Hebrew psalms will not cease to furnish matter for liturgy and stimulus to private devotion. It is less important, but not less true, to add that the student of literature will never be able to pass over the Book of Psalms if he is to inves-

tigate in the most promising of all fields the foundation principles of lyric poetry.

* * *

The present number of the Modern Reader's Bible is in two volumes: the first contains two out of the five Books into which the Psalter is divided (psalms i–lxxii), and the notes to these; the second volume contains the rest of the Psalter, the Book of Lamentations, the notes to these and the Index to the whole. Two General Notes, On the Metric System of the Psalms, and On Direct Metaphor in the Psalms, will be found at the commencement of the notes to the first volume. In the case of well-marked groups of psalms, such as the Dramatic or Acrostic Psalms, I have commented upon the whole group in connection with the first example that occurs; for later examples I have merely referred back to these comprehensive notes.

The text followed is that of the Revised Version, the marginal alternatives being often taken. For the use of it I express my obligations to the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge.

THE PSALMS

IN FIVE BOOKS

BOOK I

THE TREE AND THE CHAFF

A Prefatory Psalm

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the LORD *;*
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a Tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither ;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The wicked are not so ;
But are like the Chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgement,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the LORD *knoweth the way of the righteous :*
But the way of the wicked shall perish.

ii

Song of the LORD'S Anointed

Why do the nations rage,
And the peoples imagine a vain thing ?
The kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take
counsel together,
Against the LORD, and against his Anointed:
'Let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their cords from us.'

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:
The Lord shall have them in derision.
Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,
And vex them in his sore displeasure:
"Yet I have set MY KING
"Upon my holy hill of Zion."

JEHOVAH'S KING

I will tell of the decree:
The LORD said unto me,
"Thou art my son;
"This day have I begotten thee.

"Ask of me, and I will give the nations for thine inheritance,
"And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
"Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

Now therefore be wise, O ye kings:
Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
Serve the LORD with fear,
And rejoice with trembling.
Kiss the son, lest he be angry,
And ye perish in the way,
For his wrath will soon be kindled.
Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

iii

The Drama of Night and Morning

Night

LORD, how are mine adversaries increased!
Many are they that rise up against me.
Many there be which say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.
But thou, O LORD, art a shield about me;
My glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

I cry unto the LORD with my voice,
And he answereth me out of his holy hill.

Morning

I laid me down and slept;
I awaked; for the LORD sustaineth me.
I will not be afraid of ten thousands of the people,
That have set themselves against me round about.
Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God:
For thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone;
Thou hast broken the teeth of the wicked.
Salvation belongeth unto the LORD:
Thy blessing be upon thy people.

iv

An Evening Prayer

Answer me when I call, O God of my righteousness;
Thou hast set me at large when I was in distress:
Have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be turned into dishonour?
How long will ye love vanity, and seek after falsehood?

But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly
for himself:
The LORD will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not:
Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be
still.
Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,
And put your trust in the LORD.

Many there be that say, Who will shew us any good?
LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.
Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
More than they have when their corn and their wine are
increased.
In peace will I both lay me down and sleep:
For thou, LORD, in solitude makest me dwell in safety.

V

A Morning Prayer

Give ear to my words, O LORD,
Consider my meditation.
Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God;
For unto thee do I pray.

O LORD, in the morning shalt thou hear my voice;
In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness:
Evil shall not sojourn with thee.
The arrogant shall not stand in thy sight:
Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
Thou shalt destroy them that speak lies:
The LORD abhorreth the bloodthirsty and deceitful man.
But as for me, in the multitude of thy lovingkindness will I come into thy house:
In thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies;
Make thy way plain before my face.
For there is no faithfulness in their mouth;
Their inward part is a yawning gulf:
Their throat is an open sepulchre;
They flatter with their tongue.

Hold them guilty, O God;
Let them fall by their own counsels:
Thrust them out in the multitude of their transgressions;
For they have rebelled against thee.

But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice,
Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them:
Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.
For thou wilt bless the righteous;
O LORD, thou wilt compass him with favour as with a shield.

vi

An Answer to Prayer

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger,
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I am withered away;
O LORD, heal me; for my bones are vexed:
My soul also is sore vexed.
And thou, O LORD, how long?
Return, O LORD, deliver my soul:
Save me for thy lovingkindness' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee:
In Sheol who shall give thee thanks?
I am weary with my groaning;
Every night make I my bed to swim;
I water my couch with my tears.

Mine eye wasteth away because of grief;
It waxeth old because of all mine adversaries.

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity;
For the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.
The LORD hath heard my supplication;
The LORD will receive my prayer.
All mine enemies shall be ashamed and sore vexed:
They shall turn back, they shall be ashamed suddenly.

vii

A Vision of Judgment

O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust:
Save me from all them that pursue me, and deliver me:
Lest he tear my soul like a lion,
Rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver.

O LORD my God, if I have done this;
If there be iniquity in my hands;
If I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with me;
(Yea, I have delivered him that without cause was mine adversary:)

Let the enemy pursue my soul, and overtake it;
Yea, let him tread my life down to the earth,
And lay my glory in the dust.

Arise, O LORD, in thine anger,
Lift up thyself against the rage of mine adversaries:
And awake for me.
Thou hast commanded judgement:
And let the congregation of the peoples compass thee about:
And over them return thou on high.

The LORD ministereth judgement to the peoples:
Judge me, O LORD, according to my righteousness,
And to mine integrity that is in me.
Oh, let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end,
But establish thou the righteous.
For the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins:
My shield is with God, which saveth the upright in heart.

2

God is a righteous judge,
Yea, a God that hath indignation every day.
If a man turn not, he will whet his sword;
He hath bent his bow, and made it ready.
He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death;
He maketh his arrows fiery shafts.

Behold, he travaileth with iniquity;
Yea, he hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood.
He hath made a pit, and digged it,
And is fallen into the ditch which he made.
His mischief shall return upon his own head,
And his violence shall come down upon his own pate.

I will give thanks unto the LORD according to his righteousness:
And will sing praise to the name of the LORD Most High.

viii

Man the Viceroy of God

O LORD, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens,
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength,
Because of thine adversaries,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honour.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of
thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O LORD, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

ix–x

An Acrostic Anthem of Judgment

א I will give thanks unto the LORD with my whole heart;
I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.
I will be glad and exult in thee:
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

ב When mine enemies turn back,
They stumble and perish at thy presence.
For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;
Thou satest in the throne judging righteously.

ג Thou hast rebuked the nations, thou hast destroyed the wicked,
Thou hast blotted out their name for ever and ever.
ה The enemy are come to an end, they are desolate for ever:
And the cities which thou hast overthrown, their very memorial is perished.

ו But the LORD sitteth as king for ever:
He hath prepared his throne for judgement.
And he shall judge the world in righteousness,
He shall minister judgement to the peoples in uprightness.

The LORD also will be a high tower for the oppressed,
A high tower in times of trouble;
And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee;
For thou, LORD, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

ℊ Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion:
Declare among the peoples his doings.
For he that maketh inquisition for blood remembereth
them:
He forgetteth not the cry of the poor.

ℌ 'Have mercy upon me, O LORD,
'Behold my affliction which I suffer of them that hate
me,
'Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death;
'That I may shew forth all thy praise
'In the gates of the daughter of Zion,—
'I will rejoice in thy salvation.'

ℑ The nations are sunk down in the pit that they made:
In the net which they hid is their own foot taken.
The LORD hath made himself known, he hath executed
judgement;
The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.

ℜ The wicked shall return to Sheol,
Even all the nations that forget God.

ℒ For the needy shall not alway be forgotten,
Nor the expectation of the poor perish for ever.

Arise, O LORD; let not man prevail:
Let the nations be judged in thy sight.
Put them in fear, O LORD:
Let the nations know themselves to be but men.

Why standest thou afar off, O LORD?
Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?
In the pride of the wicked the poor is hotly pursued;
They are taken in the devices that they have imagined.
For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire,
And the covetous renounceth, yea, contemneth the LORD.

The wicked, in the pride of his countenance, saith, He will not require it.
All his thoughts are, There is no God.
His ways are firm at all times; thy judgements are far above out of his sight:
As for all his adversaries, he puffeth at them.
He saith in his heart, I shall not be moved:
To all generations I shall not be in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and oppression:
Under his tongue is mischief and iniquity.

He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages:
In the covert places doth he murder the innocent:
His eyes are privily set against the helpless.
He lurketh in the covert as a lion in his den:

He lieth in wait to catch the poor:
He doth catch the poor, when he draweth him in his net.
He croucheth, he boweth down,
And the helpless fall by his strong ones.
He saith in his heart, God hath forgotten:
He hideth his face; he will never see it.

℣ Arise, O LORD; O God, lift up thine hand:
Forget not the poor.
Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God,
And say in his heart, Thou wilt not require it?

℟ Thou hast seen it; for thou beholdest mischief and spite,
To take it into thy hand:
The helpless committeth himself unto thee;
Thou hast been the helper of the fatherless.

℣ Break thou the arm of the wicked;
And as for the evil man, seek out his wickedness till thou find none.

The LORD is King for ever and ever:
The nations are perished out of his land.

Z LORD, thou hast heard the desire of the meek:
Thou wilt establish their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear:
To judge the fatherless and the oppressed,
That man which is of the earth may be terrible no more.

xi

A Song of Trust

In the LORD put I my trust —

How say ye to my soul,
'Flee as a bird to your mountain?
'For, lo, the wicked bend the bow,
'They make ready their arrow upon the string,
'That they may shoot in darkness at the upright in heart.'
'If the foundations be destroyed,
'What can the righteous do?'

The LORD is in his holy temple,
The LORD, his throne is in heaven;
His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men.
The LORD trieth the righteous:
But the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.
Upon the wicked he shall rain snares;
Fire and brimstone and burning wind shall be the portion of their cup. —

For the LORD is righteous;
He loveth righteousness:
The upright shall behold his face.

xii

The Words of the LORD and the Lip of Vanity

Help, LORD; for the godly man ceaseth;
For the faithful fail from among the children of men,
They speak vanity every one with his neighbour:
With flattering lip, and with a double heart, do they speak.

The LORD shall cut off all flattering lips,
The tongue that speaketh great things:
Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail;
Our lips are our own: who is lord over us?

"For the spoiling of the poor, for the sighing of the needy,
"Now will I arise," (saith the LORD) "I will set him in safety at whom they puff."
The words of the LORD are pure words;
As silver tried in a furnace on the earth, purified seven times.

Thou shalt keep them, O LORD,
Thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever:
The wicked walk on every side,
When vileness is exalted among the sons of men.

xiii

Counsels of Sorrow

How long, O LORD, wilt thou forget me for ever?
How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?
How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow
in my heart all the day?
How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

Consider and answer me, O LORD my God:
Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;
Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him;
Lest mine adversaries rejoice when I am moved.

But I have trusted in thy mercy;
My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation:
I will sing unto the LORD,
Because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

xiv

Judgment of a Corrupt World

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.
They are corrupt, they have done abominable works;
There is none that doeth good.

The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children
of men,
To see if there were any that did understand,
That did seek after God.

They are all gone aside; they are together become filthy;
There is none that doeth good,
No, not one.

"Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge,
"Who eat up my people as they eat bread,
"And call not upon the LORD?"

There were they in great fear, for God is in the generation
of the righteous.
Ye put to shame the counsel of the poor,
But the LORD is his refuge.

*

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!
When the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his people,
Then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

xv

The Consecrated Life

LORD, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart.

He that slandereth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his friend,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a reprobate is despised;
But he honoureth them that fear the LORD.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
He that putteth not out his money to usury,
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

xvi

A Song of Personal Consecration

Preserve me, O God:
For in thee do I put my trust.

I have said unto the LORD, 'Thou art my Lord,
'I have no good beyond thee:'
Unto the saints that are in the earth,
'They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.'
Their sorrows shall be multiplied that exchange the LORD
for another god:
Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,
Nor take their names upon my lips.
The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:
Thou maintainest my lot.
The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel:
Yea, my reins instruct me in the night seasons.
I have set the LORD always before me:
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.
Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:
My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol;
Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.
Thou wilt shew me the path of life:
In thy presence is fulness of joy;
In thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

xvii

A Prayer for the Vindication of the Righteous

Hear the right, O LORD, attend unto my cry;
Give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.
Let my sentence come forth from thy presence;
Let thine eyes look upon equity.

Thou hast proved mine heart;
Thou hast visited me in the night;
Thou hast tried me, and findest nothing;
I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

As for the works of men, by the word of thy lips
I have kept me from the ways of the violent.
My steps have held fast to thy paths,
My feet have not slipped.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt answer me, O God:
Incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.
Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest
them which put their trust in thee
From those that rise up against thy right hand.

Keep me as the apple of the eye,
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
From the wicked that spoil me,
My deadly enemies, that compass me about.

They are inclosed in their own fat:
With their mouth they speak proudly.
They have now compassed us in our steps:
They set their eyes to cast us down to the earth.

He is like a lion that is greedy of his prey,
And as it were a young lion lurking in secret places:
Arise, O LORD,
Confront him, cast him down.

Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword;
From men which are thy hand, O LORD,
From men of the world, whose portion is in this life,
And whose belly thou fillest with thy treasure:

They are satisfied with children,
And leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness:
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

xviii

A Song of Victory

I love thee, O LORD, my strength:
The LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;
My God, my strong rock, in him will I trust;
My shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower.
I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised:
So shall I be saved from mine enemies.

The cords of death compassed me,
And the floods of ungodliness made me afraid.
The cords of Sheol were round about me:
The snares of death came upon me.
In my distress I called upon the LORD,
And cried unto my God:
He heard my voice out of his temple,
And my cry before him came into his ears.
Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations also of the mountains moved
And were shaken, because he was wroth.
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,

And fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down;
And thick darkness was under his feet.
And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly:
Yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his hiding place, his pavilion round about him;
Darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies.
At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed,
Hailstones and coals of fire.
The LORD also thundered in the heavens,
And the Most High uttered his voice;
Hailstones and coals of fire.
And he sent out his arrows, and scattered them;
Yea, lightnings manifold, and discomfited them.
Then the channels of waters appeared,
And the foundations of the world were laid bare,
At thy rebuke, O LORD,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.
He sent from on high, he took me;
He drew me out of many waters.
He delivered me from my strong enemy,
And from them that hated me, for they were too mighty for me.
They came upon me in the day of my calamity:
But the LORD was my stay.

He brought me forth also into a large place;
He delivered me, because he delighted in me.

The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness;
According to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.
For I have kept the ways of the LORD,
And have not wickedly departed from my God.
For all his judgements were before me,
And I put not away his statutes from me.
I was also perfect with him,
And I kept myself from mine iniquity.
Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness,
According to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.
With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful;
With the perfect man thou wilt shew thyself perfect;
With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure;
And with the perverse thou wilt shew thyself froward.
For thou wilt save the afflicted people;
But the haughty eyes thou wilt bring down.

For thou wilt light my lamp;
The LORD my God will lighten my darkness.
For by thee I run upon a troop;
And by my God do I leap over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect:
  The word of the LORD is tried;
  He is a shield unto all them that trust in him.
For who is God, save the LORD?
  And who is a rock, beside our God?
The God that girdeth me with strength,
  And maketh my way perfect.
He maketh my feet like hinds' feet:
  And setteth me upon my high places.
He teacheth my hands to war;
  So that mine arms do bend a bow of brass.
Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation:
  And thy right hand hath holden me up,
  And thy gentleness hath made me great.
Thou hast enlarged my steps under me,
  And my feet have not slipped.
I will pursue mine enemies, and overtake them:
  Neither will I turn again till they are consumed.
I will smite them through that they shall not be able to rise:
  They shall fall under my feet.
For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle:
  Thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against
    me.
Thou hast also made mine enemies turn their backs unto me,
  That I might cut off them that hate me.
They cried, but there was none to save:
  Even unto the LORD, but he answered them not.

Then did I beat them small as the dust before the wind:
I did cast them out as the mire of the streets.
Thou hast delivered me from the strivings of the people;
Thou hast made me the head of the nations:
A people whom I have not known shall serve me.
As soon as they hear of me they shall obey me:
The strangers shall submit themselves unto me.
The strangers shall fade away,
And shall come trembling out of their close places.

The LORD liveth; and blessed be my rock;
And exalted be the God of my salvation:
Even the God that executeth vengeance for me,
And subdueth peoples under me;
He rescueth me from mine enemies.
Yea, thou liftest me up above them that rise up against me:
Thou deliverest me from the violent man.
Therefore I will give thanks unto thee, O LORD, among the nations,
And will sing praises unto thy name.
Great deliverance giveth he to his king;
And sheweth lovingkindness to his anointed,
To David and to his seed, for evermore.

xix

The Heavens Above and the Law Within

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul:
The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.
The precepts of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgements of the LORD are true, and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can discern his errors?
Clear thou me from hidden faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

*

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,
O LORD, my rock, and my redeemer.

xx–xxi

A War Anthem

I

Before the Battle

THE PEOPLE

The LORD answer thee in the day of trouble;
  The name of the God of Jacob set thee up on high;
Send thee help from the sanctuary,
  And strengthen thee out of Zion;
Remember all thy offerings,
  And accept thy burnt sacrifice;
Grant thee thy heart's desire,
  And fulfil all thy counsel.
We will triumph in thy victory,
And in the name of our God we will set up our banners:
  The LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

THE KING

Now know I that the LORD saveth his anointed;
  He will answer him from his holy heaven
  With the saving strength of his right hand.

THE PEOPLE

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:
But we will make mention of the name of the LORD our God.
They are bowed down and fallen:
But we are risen, and stand upright.
O LORD, save the king;
And answer us when we call.

II

After the Victory

THE KING

The king shall joy in thy strength, O LORD;
And in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!
Thou hast given him his heart's desire,
And hast not withholden the request of his lips.
For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness:
Thou settest a crown of fine gold on his head.
He asked life of thee, thou gavest it him;
Even length of days for ever and ever.
His glory is great in thy salvation:
Honour and majesty dost thou lay upon him.
For thou makest him most blessed for ever:
Thou makest him glad with joy in thy presence.

For the king trusteth in the LORD,
And through the lovingkindness of the Most High he shall not be moved.

THE PEOPLE

Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies:
Thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.
Thou shalt make them as a fiery furnace
In the time of thine anger.
The LORD shall swallow them up in his wrath,
And the fire shall devour them.
Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth,
And their seed from among the children of men.
For they intended evil against thee:
They imagined a device, which they are not able to perform.
For thou shalt make them turn their back,
Thou shalt make ready with thy bowstrings against the face of them.
Be thou exalted, O LORD, in thy strength:
So will we sing and praise thy power.

xxii

Salvation in Extremity

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?
  Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring ?
O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou answerest not;
  And in the night season, and am not silent.
But thou art holy,
  O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.
Our fathers trusted in thee:
  They trusted, and thou didst deliver them.
They cried unto thee, and were delivered:
  They trusted in thee, and were not ashamed.
But I am a worm, and no man;
  A reproach of men, and despised of the people.
All they that see me laugh me to scorn:
  They shoot out the lip, they shake the head:
'Commit thyself unto the LORD; let him deliver him:
  'Let him deliver him, seeing he delighteth in him.'
But thou art he that took me out of the womb:
  Thou didst make me trust when I was upon my mother's breasts.
I was cast upon thee from the womb:
  Thou art my God from my mother's belly.

Be not far from me; for trouble is near;
For there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me:
Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.
They gape upon me with their mouth,
As a ravening and a roaring lion.
I am poured out like water,
And all my bones are out of joint;
My heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels;
My strength is dried up like a potsherd;
And my tongue cleaveth to my jaws;
And thou hast brought me into the dust of death.
For dogs have compassed me:
The assembly of evil-doers have inclosed me;
They pierced my hands and my feet.
I may tell all my bones:
They look and stare upon me;
They part my garments among them,
And upon my vesture do they cast lots.
But be not thou far off, O LORD:
O thou my succour, haste thee to help me.
Deliver my soul from the sword;
My darling from the power of the dog.
Save me from the lion's mouth —
YEA, FROM THE HORNS OF THE WILD-OXEN THOU HAST ANSWERED ME.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren:
In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.
Ye that fear the LORD, praise him;
All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him;
And stand in awe of him, all ye the seed of Israel.
For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted;
Neither hath he hid his face from him;
But when he cried unto him, he heard.
Of thee cometh my praise in the great congregation:
I will pay my vows before them that fear him.
The meek shall eat and be satisfied:
They shall praise the LORD that seek after him:
'Let your heart live for ever.'
All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the LORD:
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.
For the kingdom is the LORD'S:
And he is the ruler over the nations.
All the fat ones of the earth shall eat and worship:
All they that go down to the dust shall bow before him,
Even he that cannot keep his soul alive.
A seed shall serve him;
It shall be told of the Lord unto the next generation.
They shall come and shall declare his righteousness
Unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done it.

xxiii

Under the Protection of Jehovah

The LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

xxiv

Anthems for the Inauguration of Jerusalem

I

At the Foot of the Hill

FIRST CHOIR

The earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

SECOND CHOIR

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the LORD,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

II

Before the Gates

I

FIRST CHOIR

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye ancient doors:
And the King of Glory shall come in.

SECOND CHOIR

Who is the King of Glory?

FIRST CHOIR

The LORD strong and mighty,
The LORD mighty in battle.

II

FIRST CHOIR

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye ancient doors:
And the King of Glory shall come in.

SECOND CHOIR

Who is this King of Glory?

FIRST CHOIR

The LORD of Hosts,
He is the King of Glory.

46

xxv

An Acrostic Liturgy

Supplication

א Unto thee, O Lord,
Do I lift up my soul.
ב O my God, in thee have I trusted,
Let me not be ashamed;
Let not mine enemies triumph over me.
ג Yea, none that wait on thee shall be ashamed:
They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously without cause.
ד Shew me thy ways, O Lord;
Teach me thy paths.
ה Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;
For thou art the God of my salvation;
On thee do I wait all the day.

Penitence

ו Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses;
For they have been ever of old.
ז Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:

According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me,
For thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

I Good and upright is the LORD:
Therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

K The meek will he guide in judgement:
And the meek will he teach his way.

L All the paths of the LORD are lovingkindness and truth
Unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

M For thy name's sake, O LORD,
Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

Confession of Faith

N What man is he that feareth the LORD?
Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.

O His soul shall dwell at ease;
And his seed shall inherit the land.

P The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him;
And he will shew them his covenant.

Supplication

R Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD;
For he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

S Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me;
For I am desolate and afflicted.
T The troubles of my heart are enlarged:
O bring thou me out of my distresses.
V Consider mine affliction and my travail;
And forgive all my sins.
W Consider mine enemies, for they are many;
And they hate me with cruel hatred.
Y O keep my soul, and deliver me:
Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.
Z Let integrity and uprightness preserve me,
For I wait on thee.

S Redeem Israel, O God,
Out of all his troubles.

xxvi

Searchings of Heart before Worship

Judge me, O LORD, for I have walked in mine integrity:
I have trusted also in the LORD without wavering.
Examine me, O LORD, and prove me;
Try my reins and my heart.

For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes;
  And I have walked in thy truth.
I have not sat with vain persons;
  Neither will I go in with dissemblers.
I hate the congregation of evil-doers,
  And will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash mine hands in innocency;
  So will I compass thine altar, O LORD:
That I may make the voice of thanksgiving to be heard,
  And tell of all thy wondrous works.
LORD, I love the habitation of thy house,
  And the place where thy glory dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners,
  Nor my life with men of blood:
In whose hands is mischief,
  And their right hand is full of bribes.
But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity:
  Redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place:
In the congregations will I bless the LORD.

xxvii

An Anthem of Deliverance

The LORD is my light and my salvation:
Whom shall I fear?
The LORD is the strength of my life;
Of whom shall I be afraid?
When evil-doers came upon me
To eat up my flesh,
Even mine adversaries and my foes,
They stumbled and fell.
Though an host should encamp against me,
My heart shall not fear:
Though war should rise against me,
Even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the LORD,
That will I seek after;
That I may dwell in the house of the LORD,
All the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the LORD,
And to inquire in his temple.
For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his pavilion:
In the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me;

He shall lift me up upon a rock,
And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;
And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.

'Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice:
'Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

'"Seek ye my face"—
'My heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, will I seek.
'Hide not thy face from me;
'Put not thy servant away in anger.

'Thou hast been my help, cast me not off:
'Neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
'When my father and my mother forsake me,
'The LORD will take me up.

'Teach me thy way, O LORD,
'And lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies;
'Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:
'For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.'—

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of
the LORD
In the land of the living.
Wait on the LORD: be strong, and let thine heart take
courage;
Yea, wait thou on the LORD.

54

xxviii

Help for the Trusting Heart

Unto thee, O LORD, will I call;
My rock, be not thou deaf unto me:
Lest, if thou be silent unto me,
I become like them that go down into the pit.

Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee,
When I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.
Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers
of iniquity;
Which speak peace with their neighbours, but mischief is
in their hearts.

Give them according to their work,
And according to the wickedness of their doings:
Give them after the operation of their hands;
Render to them their desert.

Because they regard not the works of the LORD,
Nor the operation of his hands,
He shall break them down and not build them up:—
BLESSED BE THE LORD, BECAUSE HE HATH HEARD THE
VOICE OF MY SUPPLICATIONS.

The LORD is my strength and my shield;
My heart hath trusted in him, and I am helped:
Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth;
And with my song will I praise him.

The LORD is their strength,
And he is a strong hold of salvation to his anointed.
Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance:
Feed them also, and bear them up for ever.

xxix

Song of the Thunderstorm

Give unto the LORD, O ye sons of the mighty,
Give unto the LORD glory and strength.
Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name;
Worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the LORD is upon the waters:
The God of glory thundereth,
Even the LORD upon many waters.

The voice of the LORD is powerful;
The voice of the LORD is full of majesty.
The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars;

Yea, the LORD breaketh in pieces the cedars of Lebanon.
He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young wild-ox.

The voice of the LORD cleaveth the flames of fire.
The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness;
The LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve,
And strippeth the forests bare:
And in his temple every thing saith, Glory.

The LORD sat as king at the flood;
Yea, the LORD sitteth as king for ever.
The LORD will give strength unto his people;
The LORD will bless his people with peace.

XXX

Anthem for the Inauguration of Jerusalem

Starting of the Procession

I

I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast raised me up,
And hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.
O LORD my God,
I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.
O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from Sheol:
Thou hast kept me alive, from among them that go down to the pit.

Sing praise unto the LORD, O ye saints of his,
And give thanks to his holy name.
For his anger is but for a moment;
His favour is for a life time:
Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy cometh in the morning.

As for me, I said in my prosperity,
I shall never be moved,
Thou, LORD, of thy favour hadst made my mountain to stand strong:

Thou didst hide thy face; I was troubled,
I cried to thee, O LORD;
And unto the LORD I made supplication:

3

'What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit?
'Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?
'Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me:
'LORD, be thou my helper.'

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing;
Thou hast loosed my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness:
To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.
O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

xxxi

A Twice-told Deliverance

In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed:
Deliver me in thy righteousness.
Bow down thine ear unto me; deliver me speedily:
Be thou to me a strong rock, an house of defence to save me.
For thou art my rock and my fortress;
Therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me.
Pluck me out of the net that they have laid privily for me;
For thou art my strong hold.
Into thine hand I commend my spirit:
Thou hast redeemed me, O LORD, thou God of truth.
I hate them that regard lying vanities:
But I trust in the LORD.

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy, for thou hast seen my affliction;
Thou hast known my soul in adversities:
And thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy;
Thou hast set my feet in a large place.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD, for I am in distress:
Mine eye wasteth away with grief,
Yea, my soul and my body.
For my life is spent with sorrow and my years with sighing:
My strength faileth because of mine iniquity,
And my bones are wasted away.
Because of all mine adversaries I am become a reproach,
Yea, unto my neighbours exceedingly,
And a fear to mine acquaintance:
They that did see me without fled from me;
I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind:
I am like a broken vessel.
For I have heard the defaming of many, terror on every side:
While they took counsel together against me,
They devised to take away my life.
But I trusted in thee, O LORD:
I said, Thou art my God,
My times are in thy hand.
Deliver me from the hand of mine enemies and from them that persecute me;
Make thy face to shine upon thy servant,
Save me in thy lovingkindness.
Let me not be ashamed, O LORD, for I have called upon thee:
Let the wicked be ashamed;

Let them be silent in Sheol.
Let the lying lips be dumb:
Which speak against the righteous insolently,
With pride and contempt.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee,
Which thou hast wrought for them that put their trust in thee, before the sons of men!
In the covert of thy presence shalt thou hide them from the plottings of man:
Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.
Blessed be the LORD:
For he hath shewed me his marvellous lovingkindness in a strong city.
As for me, I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes:
Nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.
O love the LORD, all ye his saints:
The LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.
Be strong, and let your heart take courage,
All ye that hope in the LORD.

xxxii

Blessedness of the Forgiven Soul

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
  Whose sin is covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth not iniquity,
  And in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old
  Through my roaring all the day long.
For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:
  My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,
  And mine iniquity have I not hid:
I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD;
  And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:
  Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me from
trouble;
Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou
shalt go:
"I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee."
Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no
understanding:
Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them
in, else they will not come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:
But he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass
him about.
Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous:
And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

xxxiii

Blessed is the People whose God is The LORD

A Festal Hymn

CHORUS

Rejoice in the LORD, O ye righteous:
Praise is comely for the upright.
Give thanks unto the LORD with harp:
Sing praises unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.
Sing unto him a new song;
Play skilfully with a loud noise.

FIRST SEMICHORUS

For the word of the LORD is right;
And all his work is done in faithfulness.
He loveth righteousness and judgement:
The earth is full of the lovingkindness of the LORD.
By the word of the LORD were the heavens made;
And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.
He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap:
He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD:
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.
For he spake, and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.
The LORD bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought:
He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of none effect.
The counsel of the LORD standeth fast for ever,
The thoughts of his heart to all generations.

SECOND SEMICHORUS

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD;
The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.
The LORD looketh from heaven;
He beholdeth all the sons of men;
From the place of his habitation he looketh forth
Upon all the inhabitants of the earth;
(He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,
That considereth all their works;)
There is no king saved by the multitude of an host;
A mighty man is not delivered by great strength;
An horse is a vain thing for safety;
Neither shall he deliver any by his great power:

Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him,
Upon them that hope in his mercy;
To deliver their soul from death;
And to keep them alive in famine.

CHORUS

Our soul hath waited for the LORD:
He is our help and our shield.
For our heart shall rejoice in him,
Because we have trusted in his holy name.
Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us,
According as we have hoped in thee.

xxxiv

My Soul shall make her Boast in the LORD

A Votive Hymn

INTRODUCTION

𝔄 I will bless the LORD at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
𝔅 My soul shall make her boast in the LORD:
The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

SOLO

ℭ O magnify the LORD with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
𝔇 I sought the LORD, and he answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
𝔈 They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces shall never be confounded.
𝔉 This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.

CHORUS

𝔊 The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.

I O taste and see that the LORD is good:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
K O fear the LORD, ye his saints:
For there is no want to them that fear him.
L The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.

SOLO

M Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
N What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
O Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
P Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.

CHORUS

R The eyes of the LORD are toward the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.
S The face of the LORD is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
T The righteous cried, and the LORD heard,
And delivered them out of all their troubles.

℣ The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

SOLO

℟ Many are the afflictions of the righteous:
But the LORD delivereth him out of them all.
℣ He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.

CHORUS

℟ Evil will slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.
℣ The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants:
And none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

XXXV

A Litany of Judgment

Strive thou, O LORD, with them that strive with me:
Fight thou against them that fight against me.
Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help:
Draw out also the spear, and stop the way against them that pursue me:
Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.
Let them be ashamed and brought to dishonour that seek after my soul:
Let them be turned back and confounded that devise my hurt.
Let them be as chaff before the wind,
And the angel of the LORD driving them on.
Let their way be dark and slippery,
And the angel of the LORD pursuing them.
For without cause have they hid for me their net in a pit,
Without cause have they digged a pit for my soul.
Let destruction come upon him at unawares;
And let his net that he hath hid catch himself;
Into that very destruction let him fall.
And my soul shall be joyful in the LORD:
It shall rejoice in his salvation;

All my bones shall say, LORD, who is like unto thee,
Which deliverest the poor from him that is too strong for him,
Yea, the poor and the needy from him that spoileth him?

Unrighteous witnesses rise up;
They ask me of things that I know not.
They reward me evil for good,
To the bereaving of my soul.
But as for me, when they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth:
I afflicted my soul with fasting;
And my prayer returned into mine own bosom.
I behaved myself as though it had been my friend or my brother:
I bowed down mourning, as one that bewaileth his mother.
But when I halted they rejoiced
And gathered themselves together:
The abjects gathered themselves together against me,
And those whom I knew not;
They did tear me, and ceased not:
Among the profane mockers in feasts,
They gnashed upon me with their teeth.
Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
Rescue my soul from their destructions,
My darling from the lions.

I will give thee thanks in the great congregation:
I will praise thee among much people.

Let not them that are mine enemies wrongfully rejoice over me:
Neither let them wink with the eye that hate me without a cause.
For they speak not peace:
But they devise deceitful words against them that are quiet in the land.
Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me;
They said, Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it.
Thou hast seen it, O LORD; keep not silence: O Lord, be not far from me.
Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgement,
Even unto my cause, my God and my Lord.
Judge me, O LORD my God, according to thy righteousness;
And let them not rejoice over me.
Let them not say in their heart, 'Aha, so would we have it:
Let them not say, We have swallowed him up.
Let them be ashamed and confounded together that rejoice at mine hurt:
Let them be clothed with shame and dishonour that magnify themselves against me.

Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause:
Yea, let them say continually, The LORD be magnified,
Which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant.
And my tongue shall talk of thy righteousness,
And of thy praise all the day long.

XXXVI

Evil Unbounded and Infinite Good

The transgression of the wicked uttereth its oracle within his heart,
There is no fear of God before his eyes.
For he flattereth himself in his own eyes,
That his iniquity shall not be found out and be hated.
The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit:
He hath left off to be wise and to do good.
He deviseth iniquity upon his bed;
He setteth himself in a way that is not good;
He abhorreth not evil.

Thy lovingkindness, O LORD, is in the heavens;
Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.
Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God;
Thy judgements are a great deep:

O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.
How precious is thy lovingkindness, O God!
And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy wings.
They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;
And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life:
In thy light shall we see light.
O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee;
And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.
Let not the foot of pride come against me,
And let not the hand of the wicked drive me away.
There are the workers of iniquity fallen:
They are thrust down, and shall not be able to rise.

xxxvii

The Prosperity of the Wicked

An Acrostic Meditation

Ⲁ Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.

B Trust in the LORD, and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and feed securely.
Delight thyself also in the LORD;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

C Commit thy way unto the LORD;
Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.
And he shall make thy righteousness to go forth as the light,
And thy judgement as the noonday.

D Rest in the LORD,
And wait patiently for him;
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

E Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:
Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing.
For evil-doers shall be cut off:
But those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the land.

ℱ For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.
But the meek shall inherit the land;
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

ℊ The wicked plotteth against the just,
And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.
The Lord shall laugh at him:
For he seeth that his day is coming.

ℌ The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow;
To cast down the poor and needy, to slay such as be upright in the way:
Their sword shall enter into their own heart,
And their bows shall be broken.

ℐ Better is a little that the righteous hath
Than the abundance of many wicked.
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken:
But the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

𝔎 The LORD knoweth the days of the perfect:
And their inheritance shall be for ever.
They shall not be ashamed in the time of evil:
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

L But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the LORD shall be as the excellency of the pastures:
They shall consume;
In smoke shall they consume away.

M The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again:
But the righteous dealeth graciously, and giveth.
For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the land;
And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

N A man's goings are established of the LORD;
And he delighteth in his way.
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:
For the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

O I have been young, and now am old;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.
All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth;
And his seed is blessed.

P Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.
For the LORD loveth judgement,
And forsaketh not his saints;

ℜ They are preserved for ever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein for ever.

ℑ The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom,
And his tongue speaketh judgement.
The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.

ℭ The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
The LORD will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.

ℑ Wait on the LORD,
And keep his way,
And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

ℜ I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.
But one passed by, and, lo, he was not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

ℑ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:
For the latter end of that man is peace.

As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together:
The latter end of the wicked shall be cut off.

ז But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD; he
is their strong hold in the time of trouble.
And the LORD helpeth them, and rescueth them:
He rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them,
Because they have taken refuge in him.

xxxviii

Corruption Within and Foes Without

O LORD, rebuke me not in thy wrath:
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
For thine arrows stick fast in me,
And thy hand presseth me sore.
There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine indignation,
Neither is there any health in my bones because of my sin.
For mine iniquities are gone over mine head:
As an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.
My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness.
I am pained and bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long.

For my loins are filled with burning;
And there is no soundness in my flesh.
I am faint and sore bruised:
I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.
Lord, all my desire is before thee;
And my groaning is not hid from thee.
My heart throbbeth, my strength faileth me:
As for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.
My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my plague;
And my kinsmen stand afar off.

They also that seek after my life lay snares for me;
And they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things,
And imagine deceits all the day long.
But I, as a deaf man, hear not;
And I am as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth.
Yea, I am as a man that heareth not,
And in whose mouth are no reproofs.
For in thee, O LORD, do I hope:
Thou wilt answer, O Lord my God.
For I said, Lest they rejoice over me:
When my foot slippeth, they magnify themselves against me.
For I am ready to halt,
And my sorrow is continually before me.
For I will declare mine iniquity;
I will be sorry for my sin.

But mine enemies are lively, and are strong:
And they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.
They also that render evil for good
Are adversaries unto me, because I follow the thing that is good.
Forsake me not, O LORD: O my God, be not far from me.
Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.

XXXIX

A Struggle with Despair

I

I said, I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue;
I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me.
I was dumb with silence;
I held my peace, and had no comfort;
And my sorrow was stirred,
My heart was hot within me;
While I was musing the fire kindled:
Then spake I with my tongue.

LORD, make me to know mine end,
And the measure of my days, what it is;
Let me know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as handbreadths;
And mine age is as nothing before thee:
Surely every man at his best estate is altogether vanity:
Surely every man walketh in a vain shew:
Surely they are disquieted in vain:
He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

2

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.
Deliver me from all my transgressions:
Make me not the reproach of the foolish.
I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.
Remove thy stroke away from me:
I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.
When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity,
Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth:
Surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry;
Hold not thy peace at my tears:
For I am a stranger with thee,
A sojourner, as all my fathers were.
O spare me, that I may recover strength,
Before I go hence, and be no more.

xl

A Liturgy

Thanksgiving

I waited patiently for the LORD;
And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay;
And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.
And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:
Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.

'Blessed is the man that maketh the LORD his trust,
'And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.
'Many, O LORD my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done,
'And thy thoughts which are to us-ward:
'They cannot be set in order unto thee;
'If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.'

Confession of Faith

Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in;
(*Mine ears hast thou opened:*)
Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.
Then said I, Lo, I am come;
(*In the roll of the book it is prescribed to me:*)
I delight to do thy will, O my God;
(*Yea, thy law is within my heart.*)

I have published righteousness in the great congregation;
(*Lo, I will not refrain my lips,*
O LORD, *thou knowest.*)
I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart;
I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:
I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Supplication

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD:
Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.
For innumerable evils have compassed me about,
Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up;
They are more than the hairs of mine head, and my heart hath failed me.

Be pleased, O LORD, *to deliver me:*
Make haste to help me, O LORD.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it:
Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonour that delight in my hurt.
Let them be desolate by reason of their shame that say unto me, Aha, Aha.
Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:
Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me:
Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

xli

Integrity succoured in the Day of Evil

Blessed is he that considereth the poor:
  The LORD will deliver him in the day of evil.
The LORD will preserve him, and keep him alive,
And he shall be blessed upon the earth;
  And deliver not thou him unto the will of his enemies.
The LORD will support him upon the couch of languishing:
  Thou makest all his bed in his sickness.

I said, O LORD, have mercy upon me:
  Heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.
Mine enemies speak evil against me:
  'When shall he die, and his name perish?'
And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity;
  His heart gathereth iniquity to itself:
  When he goeth abroad, he telleth it.
All that hate me whisper together against me:
  Against me do they devise my hurt.
'An evil disease cleaveth fast unto him:
  'And now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.'
Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted,
Which did eat of my bread,
  Hath lifted up his heel against me.

But thou, O LORD, have mercy upon me, and raise me up,
That I may requite them.

By this I know that thou delightest in me,
Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.
And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity,
And settest me before thy face for ever.

Blessed be the LORD, the God of Israel,
From everlasting and to everlasting.
Amen, and Amen.

Book II

xlii–xliii

Exiled from the House of God

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?
My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
These things I remember,
And pour out my soul within me,
How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul:
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God:
For I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance,
And my God.

My soul is cast down within me:
  Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan,
  And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
  All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the day-time,
  And in the night his song shall be with me,
  Even a prayer unto the God of my life.
I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
  Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me;
  While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
  Hope thou in God:
For I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance,
  And my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:
  O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength; why hast thou cast
me off?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the
enemy?
O send out thy light and thy truth;
Let them lead me:
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill,
And to thy tabernacles.
Then will I go unto the altar of God,
Unto God my exceeding joy:
And upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL?
AND WHY ART THOU DISQUIETED WITHIN ME?
HOPE THOU IN GOD:
FOR I SHALL YET PRAISE HIM,
WHO IS THE HEALTH OF MY COUNTENANCE,
AND MY GOD.

xliv

Our Fathers' Days and Ours

I

We have heard with our ears, O God,
Our fathers have told us,
What work thou didst in their days,
In the days of old.
Thou didst drive out the nations with thy hand, and plantedst them in;
Thou didst afflict the peoples, and didst spread them abroad.
For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword,
Neither did their own arm save them:
But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance,
Because thou hadst a favour unto them.

'Thou art my King, O God:
'Command deliverance for Jacob.
'Through thee will we push down our adversaries:
'Through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.
'For I will not trust in my bow,
'Neither shall my sword save me.

'But thou hast saved us from our adversaries,
'And hast put them to shame that hate us.
'In God have we made our boast all the day long,
'And we will give thanks unto thy name for ever.'

2

But now thou hast cast us off, and brought us to dishonour;
And goest not forth with our hosts.
Thou makest us to turn back from the adversary:
And they which hate us spoil for themselves.
Thou hast given us like sheep appointed for meat;
And hast scattered us among the nations.
Thou sellest thy people for nought,
And hast not increased thy wealth by their price.

Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours,
A scorn and a derision to them that are round about us.
Thou makest us a byword among the nations,
A shaking of the head among the peoples.
All the day long is my dishonour before me,
And the shame of my face hath covered me,
For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth;
By reason of the enemy and the avenger.

3

All this is come upon us; yet have we not forgotten thee,
Neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.
Our heart is not turned back,
Neither have our steps declined from thy way;
Though thou hast sore broken us in the place of jackals,
And covered us with the shadow of death.

If we have forgotten the name of our God,
Or spread forth our hands to a strange god;
Shall not God search this out?
For he knoweth the secrets of the heart.
Yea, for thy sake are we killed all the day long;
We are counted as sheep for the slaughter.

4

Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord?
Arise, cast us not off for ever.
Wherefore hidest thou thy face,
And forgettest our affliction and our oppression?

For our soul is bowed down to the dust:
Our belly cleaveth unto the earth.
Rise up for our help,
And redeem us for thy lovingkindness' sake.

xlv

A Royal Marriage Hymn

My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter:
I speak the things which I have made touching the king:
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Thou art fairer than the children of men;
Grace is poured into thy lips:
Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.
Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O mighty one.
Thy glory and thy majesty.
And in thy majesty ride on prosperously,
In behalf of truth and meekness and righteousness:
And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.
Thine arrows are sharp — the peoples fall under thee —
In the heart of the king's enemies.
Thy throne is the throne of God for ever and ever:
A sceptre of equity is the sceptre of thy kingdom.
Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated wickedness:
Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee
With the oil of gladness above thy fellows.
All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia;
Out of ivory palaces stringed instruments have made thee glad.

Kings' daughters are among thy honourable women:
At thy right hand doth stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear;
Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;
So shall the king desire thy beauty:
For he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.
And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift;
Even the rich among the people shall intreat thy favour.
The king's daughter within the palace is all glorious:
Her clothing is inwrought with gold.
She shall be led unto the king in broidered work:
The virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.
With gladness and rejoicing shall they be led:
They shall enter into the king's palace.
Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,
Whom thou shalt make princes in all the earth.
I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations:
Therefore shall the peoples give thee thanks for ever and ever.

xlvi

The LORD of Hosts our Refuge

God is our refuge and strength,
  A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
  And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
  Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
    THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US;
    THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,
  The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
  God shall help her at the dawn of morning.
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:
  He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
    THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US;
    THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

Come, behold the works of the LORD,
  What desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth.
THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US;
THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

xlvii

God is gone up with a Shout

A Festal Hymn

O clap your hands, all ye peoples;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
For the LORD Most High is terrible;
He is a great King over all the earth.
He shall subdue the peoples under us,
And the nations under our feet.
He shall choose our inheritance for us,
The excellency of Jacob whom he loved.
God is gone up with a shout,
The LORD with the sound of a trumpet.
Sing praises to God, sing praises:

Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
For God is the King of all the earth —
Sing ye praises with understanding —
God reigneth over the nations:
God sitteth upon his holy throne.
The princes of the peoples are gathered together unto
the people of the God of Abraham:
For the shields of the earth belong unto God;
He is greatly exalted.

xlviii

God is known in Zion for a Refuge

A Song of Deliverance

Great is the LORD, and highly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in his holy mountain.
Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth.
Is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,
The city of the great King.
God hath made himself known in her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings assembled themselves,
They passed by together.
They saw it, then were they amazed;
They were dismayed, they hasted away.

Trembling took hold of them there; pain, as of a woman
in travâil,
As with the east wind that breaketh the ships of Tarshish.

As we have heard, so have we seen
In the city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our God:
God will establish it for ever.
We have thought on thy lovingkindness, O God, in the
midst of thy temple.
As is thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of
the earth:
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion be glad, let the daughters of Judah re-
joice because of thy judgements.
Walk about Zion, and go round about her:
Tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks, con-
sider her palaces;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
For this God is our God for ever and ever:
He will be our guide even unto death.

xlix

Man that is in Honour

Hear this, all ye peoples;
  Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world:
Both low and high,
  Rich and poor together.
My mouth shall speak wisdom;
  And the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.
I will incline mine ear to a parable:
  I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil,
When iniquity at my heels compasseth me about?
They that trust in their wealth,
And boast themselves in the multitude of their riches;
None of them can by any means redeem his brother,
Nor give to God a ransom for him:
    (For the redemption of their soul is costly,
    And must be let alone for ever:)
That he should still live alway,
That he should not see corruption.
Yea, he shall see it: wise men die,
The fool and the brutish together perish,
And leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue
for ever,
And their dwelling places to all generations;
They call their lands after their own names.
But man being in honour abideth not:
He is like the beasts that perish.

(This their way is their folly:
Yet after them men approve their sayings.)
They are appointed as a flock for Sheol;
Death shall be their shepherd:
And the upright shall have dominion over them in the
morning;
And their beauty shall be for Sheol to consume, that there
be no habitation for it.
But God will redeem my soul from the power of Sheol:
For he shall receive me.
Be not thou afraid when one is made rich,
When the glory of his house is increased:
For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away;
His glory shall not descend after him.
Though while he lived he blessed his soul,
And men praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself,
He shall go to the generation of his fathers;
They shall never see the light.
Man that is in honour, and understandeth not,
Is like the beasts that perish.

1

A Vision of Judgment

The God of gods, the LORD, hath spoken,
And called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.
Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined forth.
Our God cometh, and shall not keep silence:
A fire devoureth before him,
And it is very tempestuous round about him.
He calleth to the heavens above,
And to the earth, that he may judge his people —
"Gather my saints together unto me;
"Those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice" —
And the heavens declare his righteousness;
For God is judge himself.

GOD

Hear, O my people, and I will speak;
O Israel, and I will testify unto thee:
I am God, even thy God.
I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices;
And thy burnt offerings are continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house,
Nor he-goats out of thy folds.
For every beast of the forest is mine,
And the cattle upon a thousand hills.
I know all the fowls of the mountains:
And the wild beasts of the field are mine.
If I were hungry, I would not tell thee:
For the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.
Will I eat the flesh of bulls,
Or drink the blood of goats?
Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving;
And pay thy vows unto the Most High:
And call upon me in the day of trouble;
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith,
What hast thou to do to declare my statutes,
And that thou hast taken my covenant in thy mouth?
Seeing thou hatest instruction,
And castest my words behind thee.
When thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst with him,
And hast been partaker with adulterers.
Thou givest thy mouth to evil,
And thy tongue frameth deceit.
Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother;
Thou slanderest thine own mother's son.
These things hast thou done, and I kept silence;

Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one
as thyself:
But I will reprove thee,
And set them in order before thine eyes.
Now consider this, ye that forget God,
Lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver:
Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me;
And to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I
shew the salvation of God.

li

Prayer of a Sin-stricken Conscience

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-
kindness:
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot
out my transgressions.
Wash me throughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my transgressions:
And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight:
That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts:
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me to hear joy and gladness;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation:
And uphold me with a free spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

❋

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
Then shalt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness,
in burnt offering and whole burnt offering:
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

lii

The Mighty Man of Mischief

Why boastest thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man?
The mercy of God endureth continually.
Thy tongue deviseth very wickedness;
Like a sharp razor, working deceitfully.
Thou lovest evil more than good;
And lying rather than to speak righteousness.
Thou lovest all devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue.

God shall likewise destroy thee for ever,
He shall take thee up, and pluck thee out of thy tent,
And root thee out of the land of the living.
The righteous also shall see it, and fear,
And shall laugh at him, saying,
Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength;
But trusted in the abundance of his riches,
And strengthened himself in his wickedness.
But as for me, I am like a green olive tree in the house of God:
I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever.

I will give thee thanks for ever, because thou hast done it:
And I will wait on thy name, for it is good, in the presence of thy saints.

liii

Judgment of a Corrupt World

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.
Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity;
There is none that doeth good.

God looked down from heaven upon the children of men,
To see if there were any that did understand,
That did seek after God.

Every one of them is gone back; they are together become
filthy;
There is none that doeth good,
No, not one.

"Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge,
"Who eat up my people as they eat bread,
"And call not upon God?"

There were they in great fear, where no fear was:
For God hath scattered the bones of him that encampeth
against thee;
Thou hast put them to shame, because God hath re-
jected them.

*

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!
When God bringeth back the captivity of his people,
Then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

liv

God mine Helper

Save me, O God, by thy name,
And judge me in thy might.
Hear my prayer, O God;
Give ear to the words of my mouth.

For strangers are risen up against me,
And violent men have sought after my soul:
They have not set God before them.
Behold, God is mine helper:
The Lord is of them that uphold my soul.
He shall requite the evil unto mine enemies:
Destroy thou them in thy truth.

With a freewill offering will I sacrifice unto thee:
I will give thanks unto thy name, O LORD, for it is good.
For he hath delivered me out of all trouble;
And mine eye hath seen my desire upon mine enemies.

lv

Litany of the Oppressed

Give ear to my prayer, O God;
And hide not thyself from my supplication.
Attend unto me, and answer me:
I am restless in my complaint, and moan;
Because of the voice of the enemy,
Because of the oppression of the wicked.

For they cast iniquity upon me,
And in anger they persecute me.

My heart is sore pained within me:
And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.
Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
And horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove!
Then would I fly away, and be at rest.
Lo, then would I wander far off,
I would lodge in the wilderness.
I would haste me to a shelter
From the stormy wind and tempest.

Destroy, O Lord, and divide their tongue:
For I have seen violence and strife in the city.
Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof:
Iniquity also and mischief are in the midst of it.
Wickedness is in the midst thereof:
Oppression and guile depart not from her streets.
For it was not an enemy that reproached me —
Then I could have borne it —
Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me —
Then I would have hid myself from him —
But it was thou, a man mine equal,
My companion, and my familiar friend.
We took sweet counsel together,

We walked in the house of God with the throng.
Let death come suddenly upon them, let them go down
alive into the pit:
For wickedness is in their dwelling, in the midst of
them.

As for me, I will call upon God;
And the LORD shall save me.
Evening, and morning, and at noonday, will I complain,
and moan:
And he shall hear my voice.
He hath redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that
was against me:
For they were many that strove with me.
God shall hear, and answer them,
Even he that abideth of old,
The men who have no changes,
And who fear not God.
He hath put forth his hands against such as were at peace
with him:
He hath profaned his covenant.
His mouth was smooth as butter,
But his heart was war:
His words were softer than oil,
Yet were they drawn swords.

Cast thy burden upon the LORD,
And he shall sustain thee:
He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.
But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction:
Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days;
But I will trust in thee.

lvi

God is for me

Be merciful unto me, O God; for man would swallow me up:
All the day long he fighting oppresseth me.
Mine enemies would swallow me up all the day long:
For they be many that fight proudly against me.
What time I am afraid,
I will put my trust in thee.
In God I will praise his word:
In God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid;
What can flesh do unto me?

All the day long they wrest my words:
All their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves,
they mark my steps,
Even as they have waited for my soul.
Shall they escape by iniquity?
In anger cast down the peoples, O God.
Thou tellest my wanderings:
Put thou my tears into thy bottle;
Are they not in thy book?
Then shall mine enemies turn back in the day that I call:
This I know, that God is for me.
In God will I praise his word:
In the LORD *will I praise his word.*
In God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid;
What can man do unto me?

Thy vows are upon me, O God:
I will render thank offerings unto thee.
For thou hast delivered my soul from death:
Hast thou not delivered my feet from falling?
That I may walk before God in the light of the living.

lvii

The Enemy fallen into his own Pit

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me;
For my soul taketh refuge in thee:
Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I take refuge,
Until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God Most High,
Unto God that performeth all things for me;
He shall send from heaven, and save me, when he that would swallow me up reproacheth;
God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

My soul is among lions;
I lie among them that are set on fire,
Even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows,
And their tongue a sharp sword.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens;
Let thy glory be above all the earth.

They have prepared a net for my steps;
My soul is bowed down:

They have digged a pit before me;
THEY ARE FALLEN INTO THE MIDST THEREOF THEMSELVES.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed:
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises.
Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp:
I myself will awake right early.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the peoples:
I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.
For thy mercy is great unto the heavens,
And thy truth unto the skies.

BE THOU EXALTED, O GOD, ABOVE THE HEAVENS;
LET THY GLORY BE ABOVE ALL THE EARTH.

lviii

There is a God that judgeth

Is the righteousness ye should speak dumb?
Do ye judge uprightly the sons of men?
Yea, in heart ye work wickedness;
Ye weigh out the violence of your hands in the earth.
The wicked are estranged from the womb:
They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies.

Their poison is like the poison of a serpent:
They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;
Which hearkeneth not to the voice of charmers,
charming never so wisely.

Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth:
Break out the great teeth of the young lions, O LORD.
Let them melt away as water that runneth apace:
When he aimeth his arrows, let them be as though
they were cut off.
Let them be as a snail which melteth and passeth
away:
Like the untimely birth of a woman, that hath not
seen the sun.
Before your pots can feel the thorns,
He shall take them away with a whirlwind,
The green and the burning alike.

The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance:
He shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.
So that men shall say, Verily there is a reward for the
righteous:
Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.

lix

The Terror by Night

A War Ballad

Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God:
Set me on high from them that rise up against me.
Deliver me from the workers of iniquity,
And save me from the bloodthirsty men.

For, lo, they lie in wait for my soul;
The mighty gather themselves together against me:
Not for my transgression, nor for my sin, O LORD.
They run and prepare themselves without my fault.

Awake thou to help me, and behold;
Even thou, O LORD God of hosts, the God of Israel,
Arise to visit all the heathen:
Be not merciful to any wicked transgressors.

They return at evening,
They make a noise like a dog,
And go round about the city.

Behold, they belch out with their mouth;
Swords are in their lips —
'For who doth hear'?

But thou, O LORD, shalt laugh at them:
Thou shalt have all the heathen in derision.
O my Strength, I will wait upon thee.

For God is my high tower:
The God of my mercy shall prevent me,
God shall let me see my desire upon mine enemies.

Slay them NOT,
Lest my people forget:
Make them wander to and fro by thy power,
And bring them down, O Lord our shield.

For the sin of their mouth,
And the words of their lips,
Let them even be taken in their pride,
And for cursing and lying which they speak.

Consume them in wrath,
Consume them that they be no more:
And let them know that God ruleth in Jacob,
Unto the ends of the earth.

And at evening let them return,
Let them make a noise like a dog,
And go round about the city: —

They shall wander up and down for meat,
And tarry all night if they be not satisfied:
But I will sing of thy strength.

Yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning,
For thou hast been my high tower,
And a refuge in the day of my distress.

Unto thee, O my Strength, will I sing praises,
For God is my high tower,
The God of my mercy.

lx

War Anthems: A Hymn of Defeat

Companion Hymn to Psalm cviii

THE PEOPLE

O God, thou hast cast us off, thou hast broken us down;
Thou hast been angry; O restore us again.
Thou hast made the land to tremble; thou hast rent it:
Heal the breaches thereof; for it shaketh.

Thou hast shewed thy people hard things:
Thou hast made us to drink the wine of staggering.
Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee,
That they may flee from before the bow.

THE KING

That thy beloved may be delivered,
Save with thy right hand, and answer us.

God hath spoken in his holiness: "I will exult:
"I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley
of Succoth.
"Gilead is mine, and Manasseh is mine;
"Ephraim also is the defence of mine head;
Judah is my sceptre.

"Moab is my washpot; upon Edom will I cast my
shoe:
"Philistia, shout thou because of me."

Who will bring me into the strong city?
Who hath led me unto Edom?
Hast not thou, O God, cast us off?
And thou goest not forth, O God, with our hosts.
Give us help against the adversary:
For vain is the help of man.

THE PEOPLE

Through God we shall do valiantly:
For he it is that shall tread down our adversaries.

lxi

A Royal Prayer

Hear my cry, O God;
Attend unto my prayer.
From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a refuge for me,
A strong tower from the enemy.
I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever:
I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.
Thou wilt prolong the king's life:
His years shall be as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever:
O prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve him.
So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever,
That I may daily perform my vows.

lxii

A Song of Trust

My soul waiteth only upon God:
From him cometh my salvation.
He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be greatly moved.
How long will ye set upon a man
That ye may slay him, all of you,
Like a bowing wall,
Like a tottering fence?
They only consult to thrust him down from his excellency;
They delight in lies:
They bless with their mouth,
But they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God;
For my expectation is from him.
He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be moved.
With God is my salvation and my glory:
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.
Trust in him at all times, ye people;
Pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high
degree are a lie:
In the balances they will go up; they are together
lighter than vanity.
Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in rob-
bery:
If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.

God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this;
That power belongeth unto God:
Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy:
For thou renderest to every man according to his
work

lxiii

God of my Life

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee:
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee,
In a dry and weary land, where no water is.

So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary,
To see thy power and thy glory.
For thy lovingkindness is better than life;
My lips shall praise thee.
So will I bless thee while I live:
I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;
  And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips;
When I remember thee upon my bed,
  And meditate on thee in the night watches.
For thou hast been my help,
  And in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee:
  Thy right hand upholdeth me.
But those that seek my soul shall be destroyed;
  They shall go into the lower parts of the earth.
They shall be given over to the power of the sword:
  They shall be a portion for foxes.

But the king shall rejoice in God:
Every one that sweareth by him shall glory;
For the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

lxiv

The Secret Counsel of the Wicked

Hear my voice, O God, in my complaint:
Preserve my life from fear of the enemy.
Hide me from the secret counsel of evil-doers;
From the tumult of the workers of iniquity:

Who have whet their tongue like a sword,
And have aimed their arrows, even bitter words:
That they may shoot in secret places at the perfect:
Suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.

They encourage themselves in an evil purpose;
They commune of laying snares privily — 'Who shall see them?'
They search out iniquities — 'We have accomplished a diligent search':
And the inward thought of every one, and the heart, is deep.

But God shall shoot at them;
With an arrow suddenly shall they be wounded.
So shall they against whom their tongue was make them to stumble:
All that see them shall wag the head.

And all men shall fear, and they shall declare the work of God;
And shall wisely consider of his doing.
The righteous shall be glad in the LORD, and shall trust in him;
And all the upright in heart shall glory.

lxv

A Liturgy

Praise

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.

Prayer

O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Penitence

Iniquities prevail against me:
As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Aspiration

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee,
That he may dwell in thy courts:
'We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house,
'The holy place of thy temple.'

Confession of Faith

By terrible things thou wilt answer us in righteousness,
O God of our salvation;
Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are afar off upon the sea.
Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains;
Being girded about with might:
Which stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves,
And the tumult of the peoples.
They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Adoration

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,
Thou greatly enrichest it; the river of God is full of water:
Thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.
Thou waterest her furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the hills are girded with joy.
The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

132

lxvi

A Votive Hymn

Make a joyful noise unto God, all the earth:
Sing forth the glory of his name:
Make his praise glorious.
Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!
Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies
submit themselves unto thee.
All the earth shall worship thee;
And shall sing unto thee, they shall sing to thy name.

Come, and see the works of God;
He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.
He turned the sea into dry land:
They went through the river on foot:
There did we rejoice in him.
He ruleth by his might for ever;
His eyes observe the nations:
Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.
O bless our God, ye peoples,
And make the voice of his praise to be heard:
Which holdeth our soul in life,
And suffereth not our feet to be moved.
For thou, O God, hast proved us:
Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net;
Thou layedst a sore burden upon our loins.
Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads;
We went through fire and through water;
But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will come into thy house with burnt offerings,
I will pay thee my vows,
Which my lips have uttered,
And my mouth hath spoken, when I was in distress.
I will offer unto thee burnt offerings of fatlings, with the incense of rams,
I will offer bullocks with goats.
Come, and hear, all ye that fear God,
And I will declare what he hath done for my soul.
I cried unto him with my mouth,
And he was extolled with my tongue.
If I regard iniquity in my heart,
The Lord will not hear:
But verily God hath heard;
He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
Blessed be God,
Which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

lxvii

A Festal Response

The High Priest

The Lord bless thee,
And keep thee;
The Lord make his face to shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee,
And give thee peace!

The People

God be merciful unto us, and bless us,
And cause his face to shine upon us;
That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.
Let the peoples praise thee, O God,
Let all the peoples praise thee.

O let the nations be glad,
And sing for joy:
For thou shalt judge the peoples with equity,
And govern the nations upon earth.
Let the peoples praise thee, O God,
Let all the peoples praise thee.

The earth hath yielded her increase:
God, even our own God, shall bless us.
God shall bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.
LET THE PEOPLES PRAISE THEE, O GOD,
LET ALL THE PEOPLES PRAISE THEE.

136

lxviii

A Processional Hymn

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered;
  Let them also that hate him flee before him.
As smoke is driven away,
  So drive them away:
As wax melteth before the fire,
  So let the wicked perish at the presence of God.
But let the righteous be glad; let them exult before God;
  Yea, let them rejoice with gladness.

I

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name:
Cast up a high way for him that rideth through the deserts;
  His name is JAH;
  And exult ye before him.
A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.
God setteth the solitary in families:
  He bringeth out the prisoners into prosperity:
  But the rebellious dwell in a parched land.
O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people,

When thou didst march through the wilderness;
The earth trembled, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God:
Yon Sinai at the presence of God, the God of Israel.
Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain,
Thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.
Thy congregation dwelt therein:
Thou, O God, didst prepare of thy goodness for the poor.

The Lord giveth the word:
The women that publish the tidings are a great host.
'Kings of armies flee, they flee,
And she that tarrieth at home divideth the spoil'—
'Will ye lie among the sheepfolds?'—
'The wings of a dove covered with silver and her pinions with yellow gold'—
'When the Almighty scattered kings therein
It was as when it snoweth in Zalmon.'—
A mountain of God is the mountain of Bashan;
An high mountain is the mountain of Bashan.
Why look ye askance, ye high mountains, at the mountain which God hath desired for his abode?
Yea, the LORD will dwell in it for ever.
'The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands upon thousands'—
The Lord is among them, Sinai is in the sanctuary.

'Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led thy captivity captive, thou hast received gifts among men' —
Yea, among the rebellious also, that the LORD God might dwell with them.

II

Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden,
Even the God who is our salvation.
God is unto us a God of deliverances;
And unto JEHOVAH the Lord belong the issues from death.
But God shall smite through the head of his enemies,
The hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his guiltiness.
The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan,
I will bring them again from the depths of the sea:
That thou mayest dip thy foot in blood,
That the tongue of thy dogs may have its portion from thine enemies.

They have seen thy goings, O God,
Even the goings of my God, my King, into the sanctuary.
The singers went before, the minstrels followed after,
In the midst of the damsels playing with timbrels.
Bless ye God in the congregations,

Even the Lord, ye that are of the fountain of Israel.
There is little Benjamin their ruler,
The princes of Judah and their council,
The princes of Zebulun, the princes of Naphtali.

Thy God hath commanded thy strength:
Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.
Because of thy temple at Jerusalem kings shall bring presents unto thee.
Rebuke the wild beast of the reeds,
The multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the peoples,
Every one submitting himself with pieces of silver;
Scatter thou the peoples that delight in war.
Princes shall come out of Egypt;
Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto God.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;
O sing praises unto the Lord;
To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which are of old:
Lo, he uttereth his voice, and that a mighty voice.
Ascribe ye strength unto God:
His excellency is over Israel,

And his strength is in the skies.
O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places:
The God of Israel, he giveth strength and power unto his people.
Blessed be God.

lxix

A Curse turned to a Blessing

Save me, O God;
For the waters are come in unto my soul.
I sink in deep mire,
Where there is no standing:
I am come into deep waters,
Where the floods overflow me.
I am weary with my crying; my throat is dried:
Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.

They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head:
They that would cut me off, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty:
Then I restored that which I took not away.
O God, thou knowest my foolishness;
And my sins are not hid from thee.
Let not them that wait on thee be ashamed through me, O Lord GOD of hosts:
Let not those that seek thee be brought to dishonour through me, O God of Israel.
Because for thy sake I have borne reproach;
Shame hath covered my face.

I am become a stranger unto my brethren,
And an alien unto my mother's children.
For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up;
And the reproaches of them that reproach thee are fallen upon me.
When I wept, and chastened my soul with fasting,
That was to my reproach.
When I made sackcloth my clothing,
I became a proverb unto them.

They that sit in the gate talk of me;
And I am the song of the drunkards.
But as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O LORD, in an acceptable time:
O God, in the multitude of thy mercy, answer me in the truth of thy salvation.
Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink:
Let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.
Let not the waterflood overwhelm me,
Neither let the deep swallow me up;
And let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.

Answer me, O LORD; for thy lovingkindness is good:
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies turn thou unto me.

And hide not thy face from thy servant;
For I am in distress; answer me speedily.
Draw nigh unto my soul, and redeem it:
Ransom me because of mine enemies.
Thou knowest my reproach, and my shame, and my dishonour:
Mine adversaries are all before thee.

Reproach hath broken my heart;
And I am full of heaviness:
And I looked for some to take pity, but there was none;
And for comforters, but I found none.
They gave me also gall for my meat;
And in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.—

Let their table before them become a snare;
And when they are in peace, let it become a trap.
Let their eyes be darkened, that they see not;
And make their loins continually to shake.
Pour out thine indignation upon them,
And let the fierceness of thine anger overtake them.
Let their habitation be desolate;
Let none dwell in their tents.
For they persecute him whom thou hast smitten;
And they tell of the sorrow of those whom thou hast wounded.

Add iniquity unto their iniquity:
And let them not come into thy righteousness.
Let them be blotted out of the book of life,
And not be written with the righteous. —

But I am poor and sorrowful:
Let thy salvation, O God, set me up on high. —

I will praise the name of God with a song,
And will magnify him with thanksgiving:
And it shall please the LORD *better than an ox,*
Or a bullock that hath horns and hoofs.
The meek have seen it, and are glad:
Ye that seek after God, let your heart live.
For the LORD *heareth the needy,*
And despiseth not his prisoners.
Let heaven and earth praise him,
The seas, and every thing that moveth therein.
For God will save Zion, and build the cities of Judah;
And they shall abide there, and have it in possession.
The seed also of his servants shall inherit it;
And they that love his name shall dwell therein.

lxx

Litany of the Poor and Needy

From a Liturgy (Psalm xl)

Make haste, O God, to deliver me;
Make haste to help me, O LORD.

Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul:
Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonour that delight in my hurt.
Let them be turned back by reason of their shame that say, Aha, Aha.
Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee;
And let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; make haste unto me, O God:
Thou art my help and my deliverer; O LORD, make no tarrying.

lxxi

In Old Age not Forsaken

1

In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust:
Let me never be ashamed.
Deliver me in thy righteousness, and rescue me:
Bow down thine ear unto me, and save me.
Be thou to me a rock of habitation, whereunto I may continually resort:
Thou hast given commandment to save me;
For thou art my rock and my fortress.
Rescue me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked,
Out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.
For thou art my hope, O Lord GOD:
Thou art my trust from my youth.
By thee have I been holden up from the womb:
Thou art he that took me out of my mother's bowels:
My praise shall be continually of thee.
I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong refuge.
My mouth shall be filled with thy praise,
And with thy honour all the day.
Cast me not off in the time of old age;
Forsake me not when my strength faileth.

For mine enemies speak concerning me;
And they that watch for my soul take counsel together:
'God hath forsaken him:
'Pursue and take him; for there is none to deliver.'
O God, be not far from me:
O my God, make haste to help me.
Let them be ashamed and consumed that are adversaries to my soul;
Let them be covered with reproach and dishonour that seek my hurt.
But I will hope continually,
And will praise thee yet more and more.
My mouth shall tell of thy righteousness and of thy salvation all the day;
For I know not the numbers thereof.
I will come with the mighty acts of the Lord GOD:
I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.
O God, thou hast taught me from my youth;
And hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.
Yea, even when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not;
Until I have declared thy strength unto the next generation,
Thy might to every one that is to come.

2

Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high;
Thou who hast done great things, O God, who is like unto thee?
Thou, which hast shewed us many and sore troubles,
Shalt quicken us again,
And shalt bring us up again from the depths of the earth.
Increase thou my greatness,
And turn again and comfort me.

I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even thy truth, O my God;
Unto thee will I sing praises with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel.
My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing praises unto thee;
And my soul, which thou hast redeemed.
My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long:
For they are ashamed, for they are confounded, that seek my hurt.

lxxii

A Dynasty of Righteousness

Thine house and thy kingdom shall be made sure for ever before thee: thy throne shall be established for ever.

Give the king thy judgements, O God,
And thy righteousness unto the king's son.
He shall judge thy people with righteousness,
And thy poor with judgement.
The mountains shall bring peace to the people,
And the hills, in righteousness.
He shall judge the poor of the people,
He shall save the children of the needy,
And shall break in pieces the oppressor.
They shall fear thee while the sun endureth,
And so long as the moon, throughout all generations.
He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:
As showers that water the earth.
In his days shall the righteous flourish;
And abundance of peace, till the moon be no more
He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,
And from the River unto the ends of the earth.
They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him;
And his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
Yea, all kings shall fall down before him:
All nations shall serve him.
For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth;
And the poor, that hath no helper.
He shall have pity on the poor and needy,
And the souls of the needy he shall save.
He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence;
And precious shall their blood be in his sight:
And they shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
And men shall pray for him continually;
They shall bless him all the day long.
There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;
The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.
His name shall endure for ever;
His name shall be continued as long as the sun:
And men shall be blessed in him;
All nations shall call him happy.

Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things:
And blessed be his glorious name for ever;
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.
Amen, and Amen.

General Notes

Notes to Psalms, Books I, II

Metrical System of the Psalms

The Metrical System here described has reference to the parallelism of clauses in Biblical verse. Whatever else there is of metre in Biblical poetry belongs to the original language, and is not imitated in the ordinary translations. Parallelism is a rhythmic movement of the thought, and is independent of particular versions. Such parallelism may be reduced to regular systems for the different divisions of poetry. [Compare the *Proverbs* and *Job* volumes for Wisdom poetry; *Genesis* for Traditional poetry; and the *Idylls* volume for *Solomon's Song*.]

Parallelism Similar and Dissimilar

It is necessary to distinguish Similar and Dissimilar Parallelism. The first obtains where, in a given sequence, all the lines are parallel with one another.

Yet he commanded the skies above,
And opened the doors of heaven;
And he rained down manna upon them to eat,
And gave them of the corn of heaven.
Man did eat the bread of the mighty:
He sent them meat to the full.

Dissimilar Parallelism implies that particular lines adhere together with a bond that is closer than the bond which unites them all into a sequence.

With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful;
With the perfect man thou wilt shew thyself perfect;
With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure;
And with the perverse thou wilt shew thyself froward.

Is the righteousness ye should speak dumb?
Do ye judge uprightly the sons of men?
Yea, in your heart ye work wickedness;
Ye weigh out the violence of your hands in the earth.
The wicked are estranged from the womb:
They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies.
Their poison is like the poison of a serpent:
They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;
Which hearkeneth not to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.

The first of these two passages obviously is a single sequence; and yet the third line is closely parallel with the first, the fourth with the second. In the second passage it is obvious that the first two lines are bound together, and again the last seven: yet that the whole makes one sequence is clear from the fact that the same dissimilar parallelism of 2 and 7 is reproduced in the stanza that follows (see pages 118–9). — The term Variation may be applied to the effect by which, in a series of sequences otherwise parallel, the dissimilar parallelism is differently distributed. Thus the stanzas of psalm cxliii are all quatrains, but three different arrangements of the lines are to be traced in the several stanzas — viz. *aabb*, *abab*, *abba*.

Variation

Coming to particular figures of parallelism we may note three different sources of metrical rhythm in Biblical poetry, which have contributed three different metrical units.

Sources of Metrical Rhythm

(1) The Traditional poetry preserved in the historical books is for the most part in 'Antique Rhythm,' which seems to be based upon a unit that may be called a **strain**. This consists of a couplet, either line of which may be strengthened by an additional line, but not both.

Strive thou, O LORD, with them that strive with me:
Fight thou against them that fight against me.

Take hold of shield and buckler and stand up for mine help:
Draw out also the spear and stop the way against them that pursue me:
Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.

Let destruction come upon him at unawares;
And let his net that he hath hid catch himself;
Into that very destruction let him fall.

All three are 'strains': the first is a simple couplet; the second is a couplet with the first line strengthened; the third has the second line strengthened. The elasticity of the strain has a special fitness for extemporisation, which figures largely in Traditional poetry. It is very important for the appreciation of Biblical lyrics to accustom the mind to this idea of an elastic unit. When once this idea is grasped it becomes easy to see, for example, that the two divisions of psalm iii are perfectly

symmetrical, although one contains eight lines, the other nine: as printed on pages 8–9 it is obvious to the eye that each portion is made up of four strains. Similarly in the more elaborate rhythm of psalm vii, the first and third sections are symmetrical, though one has four, the other six lines: each contains just two of these 'strains.'

(2) Wisdom literature is founded on the proverb, which is a couplet (rarely a triplet) of parallel lines: this contributes as a unit the **couplet**, and aggregates couplets into **stanzas**.

(3) Dancing with musical accompaniment is a leading feature in primitive poetry: the intricate involutions of the dance reflect themselves in similar involutions of metre, especially by means of antiphony (different singers answering one another), and antistrophic effect (portions of a poem answering one another apart from difference of performers). A glance at *Deborah's Song* in a properly printed version (compare *Masterpieces* volume, page 152, or *Judges*, page 88) will show to what minuteness these effects can be carried. Thus from the dance we get the single **line** (*i.e.* half a parallel) as a unit, and the aggregation of lines into **strophes**. All these divisions of poetry exercise an influence upon one another: in the Psalms all three units obtain — the strain, the couplet, and the single line.

Three units of rhythm: strain, couplet, line

Three main types of structure may be distinguished. The first is Stanza Structure. Stanzas founded upon the strain as a unit may be illustrated from psalms vi, xxii, lxxvii: the first has three stanzas of three strains, the second has three of eleven strains; the third

Stanza Structure

has seven stanzas of three strains. Stanzas founded on the couplet unit are very common; especially the Quatrain (xii, xiii, xxviii, xxxii, xxxvii, lxi, lxiv, cxx, cxxi, cxxii, cxxiii, cxxix, cxliii). Psalm xiv (= liii) is in triplets. Sextets are found in psalms xlviii, lxxvi, lxxxvii, cxlii. A longer stanza of eight couplets distinguishes the acrostic psalm cxix. Psalm cxlv is in acrostic couplets.

A great rhythmic effect is produced by Mixed Stanzas. The companion psalms ciii, civ are cast in a common mould of stanzas of four and five (couplets or strains). The first has stanzas of five at the beginning and end, changing to stanzas of four where the topic of the frailty of man comes in; similarly, the general view of nature in civ is expressed by stanzas of five, which change to stanzas of four to express the dependence of all nature on God: the first form is renewed for the final burst of glory in nature. The elaborate Anthem of Judgment, made by psalms ix–x, is in quatrains, which change to sextets at the two places where the tone of complaint comes in. In the companion psalms cxi, cxii, a sextet is used for the conclusion, the rest of the poem being in quatrains. The dramatic change from trouble to deliverance which distinguishes so many psalms is in psalm xxxi twice repeated: to vary this repetition triplets are substituted for quatrains. In lxxxiii the change from octets to sextets seems to mark an intensification. In Wisdom poetry a common effect is Duplication, by which not only the number of lines but also the relation of dissimilar parallelism is duplicated (*Job* volume, page 137): only imperfect examples are found in psalms lxiii and cxli, and in the

Duplication

latter the text is doubtful. Other examples of mixed stanzas are psalms lx, lxxi, cviii, cxxxv.

The Stanza Structure admits of 'introductions' and 'conclusions' outside the rhythmic form of the stanzas themselves. Compare psalms xxvi, cxvi, cxxxviii. Sometimes the conclusions may be postscripts adapting the song to other uses (xiv, li, cxxviii, cxxx, cxxxi). From these may be distinguished the 'leads': a couplet or triplet leading off a theme which is then developed in stanzas: psalms xc, xciv, and the two portions of cxxxii are good examples of this effect. Other leads may be found in lxxxv, ci, cxxxiii, cxliv. [Compare *Proverbs*, pages 171–2 (note to xvii).]

Leads

To Stanza Structure naturally belongs the Refrain: though occasionally (compare psalms lvii and xl) it is found in connection with antistrophic arrangement. The Refrain is a verse, or portion of a verse, which recurs in two or more successive stanzas. Typical examples are psalms xlvi, lxvii, though in each case the refrain has been omitted by ordinary versions in one of the places where it ought to occur. Psalm cxxxvi has a continuous refrain —

The Refrain

For his mercy endureth for ever —

after every line. In lxii, cxl we have initial refrains. Fine effects are produced by Double Refrains in psalms xcix and cvii. In the first case, each stanza is a sextet: the first and third consist each of five lines, completed by the short refrain —

Holy is He —

(this has been dropped by ordinary versions in the third stanza); the second and fourth have only three lines, brought to a proper length by the longer refrain —

Exalt ye the LORD our God
And worship at his footstool:
Holy is He.

In the main body of psalm cvii each stanza brings forward a different type of sufferers: one refrain —

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he delivered them out of their distresses —

with a sequel verse represents the cry for help; the burst of thanksgiving is conveyed by the refrain —

O that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men —

which also has a sequel verse. This stanza structure is four times repeated. In some cases the refrain is varied (*e.g.* psalms xlix, lxxx, cxvi, cxliv). In the lament made by xlii–iii the words of the refrain are unchanged, but its recurrence at the end of the changing stanzas seems to give the effect of hope gradually becoming firmer and firmer.

In Antistrophic Structure, the second of the three main types, the stanzas run in pairs, strophe and antistrophe: the second of

the pair 'answers' its strophe, the answering effect implying both rhythmic symmetry and (in Biblical, though not in Greek lyrics) a certain degree of correspondence of thought. The structure admits of 'introductions' and 'conclusions' of different rhythm.

Antistrophic Structure

This type of structure is most marked where the unit is the single line, and Dissimilar Parallelism comes in. A good example is psalm l. After an introduction, presenting the visionary surroundings of the judgment that is to be pronounced, the Divine address to the 'saints' makes a strophe, the address to the 'wicked' an antistrophe. It is easy to see that the two strophes correspond, not only in the number of their lines (nineteen), but also in the distribution of the dissimilar parallelism: there is first (three lines) an invocation, then (twelve lines) an argument, then (four lines) a solemn decree. Psalm xlix has an introduction and strophes of eighteen lines, each with a refrain and a parenthesis (though, by 'variation,' the parenthesis appears at different points of the two sequences): the difference in the refrains shows that the strophe and antistrophe are successive stages in the solution of a mystery.—For other examples compare psalms xxxvi, lviii.

Simpler examples of antistrophic structure are (on units of strains) iii, xvi, xxiv, xxxviii, xlv, lxvi, lxxii, lxxv, lxxxii, xci, xcvii, cxxiv, cxxxix. Founded on the couplet unit are the following: xxi, lvii, lxii, lxxxi, xcii, cxiii, cxxvi.

Where the antistrophic structure runs to more than a single strophe and antistrophe, certain elaborations come in. Antistrophic Alternation implies a succession in which each strophe

is immediately followed by its antistrophe (the form *aa'*, *bb'*, *cc'*). Examples are psalms xxx (which has the form *6, 6; 3, 3; 4, 4*), and cxxxvii (the lines of which run *aabaa* for the first pair, *aabbb* for the second pair); psalms ii, xxxiv, xxxix, xl. The last has the form *6, 6; 4, 4; 5, 5:* with parenthetic enlargement in the second pair, and refrains for the third pair. In one example of this structure, psalm xliv, there is a beautiful example of Diminution (compare the reverse effect of Augmenting in *Proverbs* volume, page 168). The psalm is a national elegy, and the depression is admirably conveyed by the diminution of successive pairs of strophes through the form *5, 5; 4, 4; 3, 3; 2, 2.*

Elaborations: Antistrophic Alternation

A second elaboration of antistrophic structure is Interlacing: a strophe is followed by a strophe of a different rhythm, then come the antistrophes to each. (The form is thus *ab*, *a'b'*.) A clear example is psalm cx: an oracle (in triplets) is followed by its glorious fulfilment (quatrains of longer lines): again an oracle, and a glorious fulfilment in corresponding rhythm. Compare also v, xix, lix, xcix. Psalm vii is compound: its first part has interlacing strophes (*2, 3; 2, 3* in strains), its second part alternation (*3, 3*).

Antistrophic Interlacing

Another elaboration is Inversion (or Introversion). Here a strophe is followed by a different strophe, but the antistrophe to the second precedes the antistrophe to the first strophe. (The form thus becomes *ab*, *b'a'*.) A fine example is psalm cxiv. Here all the strophes are quatrains, the difference is made by the attitude of thought in the four, which may be thus conveyed to the eye:

Antistrophic Inversion

A new conception of Deity!
All nature convulsed!
Why all nature convulsed?
At the new conception of Deity!

Other examples are lxxix (in strains *4, 3; 3, 4*), cxxvii (in lines *4, 3; 3, 4*). The structure of psalm lxxiii is interesting: a trial of faith is developed in a strophe made up of three sextets, with a final quatrain as the faith almost gives way; for antistrophe the turn of thought opens with a quatrain, and the resulting triumph makes three sextets. Two compound psalms may be noted. The elaborate processional hymn of lxviii has first a single pair of strophes, each made up of four quatrains; then inversion obtains, and we have the form (in lines) *10, 9; 9, 10.* Psalm lxxiv has inversion first (*5, 6; 6, 5* in lines), and then a single pair of sextets.

From antistrophic must be distinguished the third type, or Strophic Structure: here the strophes have no correspondence of rhythmic form, but are merely divisions resting upon the thought of the poem, like the paragraphs of prose. Examples of this structure are psalms i, iv, xviii, xx, xli, liv, lvi, cxviii, cxxv, cxxxiv. It is the natural form for liturgies, in which each strophe represents a different mood of devotion (psalms xxv, lxv, lxxxvi). Psalm cxxxvi gives an example of Augmenting: the stanzas increase from four to five, six, seven couplets, returning in the conclusion to four. To Strophic Structure belongs the Pendulum Rhythm so characteristic of Biblical literature, by which successive strophes alter-

Strophic Structure

nate between one and another of two thoughts. This rhythm distinguishes two kindred psalms lxxviii and cvi (see notes to these): also the latter part of psalm cvii. It belongs also to the elaborate hymns and anthems which alternate between ejaculations of praise and development of matter for thanksgiving: the form may be traced by the eye through psalms xlvii, xcv–vi, xcviii, c, cxxxv, cxlvi–cl.

Pendulum Rhythm

The main types of structure in the poetry of the psalms, with their elaborations, have been described. Two other elements of Biblical parallelism may be mentioned.

An interesting figure of parallelism is the Envelope: the opening line or lines of the sequence are repeated at the close, all that intervenes being read in the light of this common 'envelopment.' A perfect example is the eighth psalm: as it is printed on pages 15–16 the figure can be caught at a glance. [See page 169, for the misinterpretation of this psalm through neglect of this envelope structure.] Similarly the recurrence of the ejaculation —

Envelope Figure

Bless the LORD, O my soul —

at the beginning and end of psalms ciii and civ turns both these into examples of envelope structure.

More frequently a modified form of the Envelope Structure is found, by which the opening and closing lines unite in a single thought of which the intermediate parts are an expansion. Thus in psalm xv, the opening lines of question,

LORD, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

receive an answer in the final line,

He that doeth these things shall never be moved:

while the intermediate parallels contain the 'these things.' Compare psalm xxvi. A fine example is the great psalm cxxxix: here the opening protest,

O LORD, thou hast searched me, etc.,

concludes as a prayer:

Search me, O LORD:

while the whole antistrophic movement of the psalm is occupied with effecting the transition from the one mood to the other. (See notes.) Psalms xxiii and xxxiii are also examples of modified envelopment; the whole device of antistrophic inversion and the type of psalm described as Dramatic Anthems (see notes to ix–x) are akin to envelopment.

Interruption

Interruption, a device of rare occurrence in Wisdom poetry (compare *Proverbs* volume, page 169; *Job*, page 139), plays a leading part in the lyric poetry of the psalms. First, we have stanzas interrupted by antistrophic structure. A typical example is psalm lv: here sextets of despairing complaint are broken by a strophe and antistrophe (*8, 8* in couplets) of strong execration: there is a return to the sextet form (varied) with the final stage of trust in God. In psalm lxxxix, the covenantal promises to David developed in a long succession of quatrains make the main topic: when this

has been barely opened there is an outburst (strophe in seven quatrains) of adoration; when the main topic is completed an antistrophe puts plaintively the disappointment of all these hopes. A very marked example is psalm lxix. Stanzas of four strains are conveying complaint: before the sixth of these stanzas is quite completed there breaks in an interruption of execration in seven couplets: this is seen to be a strophe when presently, after the broken stanza is completed, there comes an antistrophe of seven couplets which celebrates the deliverance that ends the whole trouble. Interruption proceeds a stage further in psalms lxxx and lxxxiv. In the first, stanzas of elegy (two strains and refrain) are interrupted by strophe and antistrophe (four couplets each) developing the image of the Vine and its uprooting: but the refrain of the stanza section breaks in (with a modification) upon this antistrophic portion: thus the interruption is mutual. A still more striking example of mutual interruption is afforded by psalm lxxxiv: triplet stanzas of longing for the house of God are interrupted by antistrophic description of the pilgrimages (strophe) and the pilgrims' hymn (antistrophe): this last is broken by a parenthetic triplet of longing, and then resumes and concludes.

Or, stanzas are interrupted by stanzas of different rhythm. I have already pointed out this effect in regard to psalms ciii and civ (above, Mixed Stanzas). In psalm cii, personal depression expressed in a succession of stanzas of three strains each is interrupted by a succession of stanzas of four couplets each, which rise to the plane of national trouble and its relief: there is then a return to the first rhythm and the first tone.

An effect akin to this Interruption may more properly be called Suspension. (Compare *Job* volume, page 141.) In psalm xi a stanza expressive of trust in Jehovah is interrupted by a strophe (*2, 5*) reciting hostile threats and its antistrophe of answering faith. But from the place at which the interruption occurs, viz. the end of a single line of a quatrain, the other three lines following after the interruption is concluded, it is better to regard the single stanza as 'suspended' until the antistrophic effect has been elaborated. Exactly similar is xciii: a sextet of confidence in the firmness of Jehovah's rule is broken by antistrophic interruption of an image that suggests assailing power driven back, and the suspended sextet is then concluded.

Suspension

Direct Metaphor in the Psalms

A particular mode of conveying imagery comes to be of special importance in the poetry of the Psalms from its bearing upon questions of interpretation.

According to a well-known distinction, the Simile is a branch of imagery in which the comparison is indicated by a distinct particle (*like, as*, etc.) linking the image to the direct statement.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.

A Metaphor, on the contrary, has no such symbol of comparison, but the words conveying the image are interwoven into the framework of the direct sentence:

My hunted soul panteth after the water brooks of Zion.

The interweaving may be effected in a large variety of ways: and it is not difficult to see that some modifications of the expression may be such that the metaphorical element may have the appearance of direct speech. One modification of the image just cited might be —

A hunted hart panteth after the water brooks of Zion :

but this is an ambiguous expression, which might be interpreted as a direct statement of fact, and not a metaphor. Such expressions I am here calling Direct Metaphors.

There are several places in the Book of Psalms where the interpretation of a whole poem, or section of a poem, seems to turn upon the question whether certain words are metaphor or direct speech. In psalm viii, we find —

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, etc.

This has been read as a direct statement, and various attempts have been made, with little success, to explain the allusion. It is better to understand an image : *Out of man, who is, as it were, no more than a babe and suckling in comparison with the world he is to govern, hast thou established strength of rule*, etc. The ordinary mistake has been caused by neglect of the structure of this psalm. The usual versions make the opening apostrophe consist of three lines:

O LORD, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth:
Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.

Accordingly, the commencement of the argument becomes the sentence, *Out of the mouth of babes*, etc., which naturally wears the air of a direct statement. But the envelope figure requires in the present case that only two lines constitute the opening (and closing) apostrophe (see pages 15–16); and the opening of the argument now reads thus:

Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens,
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, etc.

That the architect of the mighty heavens should have elected the mere babe, man, as his deputy over creation is the wonder, not only of the opening lines, but of the whole psalm, which takes a clear unity under the title, Man the Viceroy of God.

Again, a critical sentence in psalm lxxviii is the following:

The children of Ephraim, being armed and carrying bows,
Turned back in the day of battle.
They kept not the covenant of God, etc.

It has been customary to see in this an allusion to a specific historical incident, though no satisfactory incident of history has been adduced. Here, again, the whole can be read as a piece of imagery: *Like warriors who, in armour and with weapons*

in hand, turn their backs in the midst of the battle, so the children of Ephraim were treacherous to the covenant of God. No particular incident is described, but the whole defection of northern Israel from the covenant is compared to soldiers deserting on the field of battle. And this makes a suitable starting-point for the psalm, which is a national hymn of Judah, portraying alternately God's strength displayed over his people, and their frailty resisting his purposes, until a final outburst of divine power rejects northern Israel and proclaims the house of David as the chosen people. It may be added that a not dissimilar image (but this time in simile form) occurs in strophe 4:

But turned back, and dealt treacherously like their fathers:
They were turned aside like a deceitful bow.

Another important case arises in psalm lxxxiv:

Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my king and my God.

Read as direct statement, this has been understood by some commentators to refer the psalm to the period of the exile when the temple is in ruins, the haunt of birds; others see an indication that the poet must have been a dweller in the temple precincts, accustomed to watch the birds flitting round the sacred edifice. A better interpretation is surely found by understanding an image: *Like the birds finding in spring their nesting places, so the sacred seasons of the pilgrimages bring me to the*

altars of God. Nothing else in the psalm suggests the period of the exile, the whole being filled with the idea of the pilgrimages to Jerusalem at the sacred feasts: the passage here discussed adds the exquisite image which compares the joyous approach of the sacred festivals with the stirring instinct of birds in the nesting season.

There are no less than three psalms, ordinarily classed as exile songs, where the doubt arises as between metaphor and direct expression. The one of the three which has the best claim to be construed directly is the lament of psalms xlii–iii, where there is certainly a *prima facie* appearance of directness in the detailed expression—

> *Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan,*
> *And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.*

Yet the poem as a whole leaves strong doubt in my own mind whether it is to be read as an exile's lament. Exiled the speaker certainly is from the house of his God: but this may be by sickness, or other personal hindrance, such as would go well with the depression of the first two stanzas. There is an absence of any local colour of a foreign land, and the conquest of hope at the close gives no hint of an expected return to a native soil. If the poem be read of exile from the house of God only, then, amid the strong metaphors of stanza 2, one more metaphor is added by the above quotation: *Like a traveller taking his last look at the home land he is leaving, so does my memory yearn after the place of my God.*—In psalm lxi it

appears to me certain that the expression of the first stanza is metaphorical:

> *From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed*, etc.

The image of a cry from an infinite distance is to measure the depth of overwhelming trouble; and it is a supposed case, not a statement of fact. All the rest of the poem is entirely out of keeping with an exiled king: the speaker rejoices in success —

> *Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.*

The companion psalm, lxiii, presents a case that is not quite so strongly in favor of direct statement; but even here the opening stanza becomes much more striking when the words, *My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and weary land where no water is*, are understood to convey an image of longing. The same image is used for longing in psalm cxliii. The three stanzas go on to describe the king's longings as felt in the sanctuary, in the night watches, amidst his enemies; and the whole concludes with a triumph out of keeping with a literal rendering of the opening stanza.

It will be obvious that, in regard to any one of the passages discussed in this note, the case in favor of a metaphorical as against a literal interpretation is strengthened by the other examples adduced of Direct Metaphor. It may be added that allied usages are often found in cases where no doubt of the meaning would really arise. Such are (psalm lxviii),

Rebuke the wild beast of the reeds,
The multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the peoples.

where metaphorical names are substituted for the proper names of peoples; or again (psalm lxxvi), *In Salem also is his covert, and his lair in Zion.* The abruptness of Hebrew favours Direct Mataphor.

BOOK I

i

Prefatory Psalms. There are suggestions of a design on the part of the compilers of the Book of Psalms to introduce important sections of it by prefatory Meditations. The prelude to the whole collection is a beatitude for the life of meditation on the Law. The so-called Egyptian Hallel (cxiii–cxviii) is preceded by two acrostic psalms (cxi, cxii) of identical structure, celebrating the one the works of the LORD and his goodness to his people, the other the blessedness of him who lives in the fear of God. The final Hallelujah anthem (cxlvi–cl) is similarly preceded by an acrostic meditation upon Jehovah's glory and graciousness. It might almost seem that the most elaborate of all alphabetical poems, psalm cxix, was intended in the same way as preface to the lengthy collection of 'Songs of Ascents' (cxx–cxxxiv). But this is such a colossal product of devout ingenuity that I have not ventured to treat it as other than an independent psalm.

Psalm i celebrates the contemplative life, occupied in medi-

tation upon Divine law, in contrast with the worldly life that lays itself open to influences of evil. The theme is developed by an exquisite piece of contrasted imagery: the rooted tree, passing through its ordered course of foliage and fruitage, and the empty chaff carried round and round by forces outside itself. [Strophic Structure: *2, 3, 2* in strains.]

ii

The motive of psalms ii and cx is Jehovah's King, mystically anointed to subdue and reign over the kingdoms of the whole earth. Of a similar spirit is psalm lxxxvii, which celebrates Zion as the mother of the nations, who seek to be enrolled in her records of citizenship. This contrasts with the other conception of kingship, for which psalms lxxxix and cxxxii are the chief expression: here the king, though exalted in the eyes of the external world, is still the king of Israel only. Between these two conceptions of kingship possibly a link may be found in psalm lxxii, which seems to celebrate not so much an individual monarch, as a 'dynasty of righteousness,' king and king's son succeeding one another to the end of time. The rise from the idea of monarchy over Israel to that of universal or Messianic rule is parallel with the widening in the conception of Jehovah: first (compare cxiv) as specially the God of Israel, finally as creator and ruler of the universe. The latter is the special point of the Festal Hymns (xxxiii, xlvii, xciii) and Anthems (xcv–c, cxlv–cl).

Psalm ii first applies antistrophic form to the contrast between the busy schemes of the earth kings, uttering words of defiance, and Jehovah's distant scorn, and the fiat establishing HIS KING.

Then, in a quieter rhythm, this Anointed King speaks the decree of his appointment (strophe), and (antistrophe) advises submission while there is time. [Structure: Antistrophic Alternation: *4a2b, 4a2b; 8, 8.*]

iii

Dramatic Monologues. The essence of dramatic movement is a change of outward circumstances: as when an opening state of splendour is converted by the plot into tragic ruin, or a developed perplexity of external conditions resolves into a happy ending. Such a dramatic change may be conveyed within the compass of the briefest lyric poem. This may be appreciated by reading together three such psalms as lxxvii, cxliii, and vi. In all three we have trouble finding relief. The situation is identical in the first two: a sufferer finds support by thoughts of God's great works in the past. But in lxxvii the story is told, not presented: *And I said, This is my infirmity*, etc. In cxliii the situation is presented in the cries of the sufferer; here, however, there is no change suggested in outward circumstances, the speaker only comforts himself with thoughts of God. But in psalm vi, after two stanzas of complaining distress, there is a change of tone which implies that the situation of trouble has been converted into deliverance: the monologue makes a complete dramatic movement. Such dramatic psalms make an important division of the psalter: as examples the reader may study together iii, vi, xii, xxii, xxviii, liv, lvi, lvii, lix, lxix, lxxi, cxxxix. Sometimes the dramatic break is brought out with startling suddenness: in xxii, lvii the change is made in the middle of a sentence. In cxxxix the transition is gradual: the burden

of Divine omnipresence has filled the first half of the poem, culminating in the thought of its extending back in time to infancy: with this recollection of the protection that hovered about the helpless embryo there is a turn in the feeling of the speaker, which gathers strength, until at last the protest of the opening lines has been converted into ardent aspiration. In psalm xxxi the transition from trouble to deliverance is twice presented, with beautiful variations of detail. Another instructive comparison for the dramatic monologues is psalm lxxiii: there is here a trial of faith which almost broke down and yet was saved at the last, but the story is narrated, not presented.

In **psalm iii** the presentation of trouble resolving into peace is applied to the daily drama of Night succeeded by Morning. To the devout soul the approach of night may well bring weariness and oppression, only softened by sweet sense of protection and the thought of leaving all to God. With morning comes sudden accession of vigour, feelings of triumph, and faith to encounter once more the struggle of life. [Structure: antistrophic in strains: *4, 4.*]

iv. This is an Evening Prayer. The poet addresses himself to prayer in memory of the past — he takes sides with God against the men of vanity — he would purify his heart with silent devotion, expressed in ordered sacrifice — the depression of night calms into joyful trust. [Strophic structure in strains: *1, 2, 2, 3.*]

v. A Morning Prayer. Morning brings energy for renewing the struggle of life: to the Biblical poet this struggle of life embodies itself in contest with visible foes; devotion takes

sides with God, and makes appeal for the overthrow of the evil. [Antistrophic interlacing in strains: *3, 4; 3, 4.*]

vi. A dramatic psalm: see on **iii.** The dramatic break presents a sudden Answer to Prayer. [Stanzas of strains.]

vii. A Vision of Judgment: the theme developed in elaborate antistrophic form. There is a strophe of appeal, followed by a second strophe protesting innocence; the first antistrophe carries the appeal forward to a vision of Jehovah descending to judge the nations, the second antistrophe renews the protest of innocence before this visionary tribunal. Then, in a calmer rhythm, we have a celebration of the judging God, answered by a description of the judged sinner. A doxology concludes. [Antistrophic interlacing (in strains): *2, 3; 2, 3* — followed by simple antistrophy (in couplets): *3, 3* — with conclusion.]

viii. The interpretation of this psalm has already been discussed in the note on the Envelope Figure (page 165), and again in the note on Direct Metaphor (page 169). — The thought is of Man as God's Viceroy over the Universe (*Genesis*, chapter i. 26–28): the Architect of the mighty heavens has appointed Man, a mere babe in comparison with the world over which he is set, to be his representative, governing God's creation and subduing his adversaries. The marvel can find relief only in fresh adoration. [Enveloping couplet and four quatrains.]

ix–x

Acrostic Psalms. A certain number of the psalms (ix–x, xxv, xxxiv, xxxvii, cxi, cxii, cxix, cxlv) are termed 'Acrostic,' because there is traceable in them an alphabetical succession in

initial letters of verses. It is a great omission on the part of the Revisers that this alphabetical structure is not kept up in the translation, as it is (for example) in the translation of the Golden Treasury psalter. As a rough substitute, I have in the text of this edition inserted English initial letters in the margin, to keep the reader (so to speak) in an acrostic frame of mind while he follows the movement of the psalm. There is nothing in such acrostic structure that is inconsistent with the highest poetry. As a river flows with stronger current between confined banks, so powerful emotion may express itself in the most artificially restricted forms: this is obviously the case in early lyrics, in which dance evolutions reflect themselves in confining metrical symmetries, and a similar effect may be produced to a purely reading age by the alphabetical arrangement. — In psalms xxv, xxxiv there is a departure from the usual order of the Hebrew alphabet (suggested in my initial letters), the variation being identical in the two psalms. Possibly the order of the Hebrew alphabet may have been less fixed than is the case with our own; more probably, the variation is intentional, and is a sort of author's signature. — In the case of ix–x the irregularity (see in text above) is so great that some commentators suppose an insertion from another poem, or that we have only a first sketch, not completely worked up into final alphabetical shape. Some of the lesser irregularities may be due to corrupt text; but the main peculiarity is suggestive. It consists in the fact that a number of stanzas (see pages 19–20) are without the proper initials, while the alphabetical succession, when it resumes, is found to have omitted the middle letters of the alphabet. But this corresponds

with the structure and thought of the poem: the acrostic effect disappears where the psalm passes into sextets and remonstrance, and is resumed where it returns to quatrains and triumph.

Dramatic Anthems. Under this technical description I include a group of psalms, few in number (ix–x, xxvii, lxxxv, cxliv, and perhaps cviii), but of great interest to the student of literary morphology. They exhibit a peculiar combination of dramatic movement with the lyric form of anthem. They are so far dramatic that they present a dramatic transition from trouble to relief. But they differ from the dramatic psalms (see on iii) in an important particular. In the nature of things, dramatic movement, which actually presents and not merely describes, can never go backward in time: yet these poems commence with the deliverance, then deal with trouble, and then again with deliverance. The explanation is the combination with dramatic movement of the lyric form of 'anthem': I use the term as a further elaboration of the 'hymn,' the purpose of which is to celebrate. These poems, then, commence with a lyric celebration of a deliverance; as one item in this celebration, they then pass to a dramatic presentation of the trouble from which the speaker has been delivered, such, for example, as his actual prayer in his distress (hence the quotation marks); then the dramatic change of movement is made by a sudden return to the first tone of celebration. The triple structure is thus:

Lyric Triumph of deliverance from trouble
The trouble dramatically recalled
The Triumph resumed.

In all cases the changes in structure are reflected in changes of rhythm. This type of structure is especially clear in psalm xxvii. After [antistrophic] monody of triumph the speaker passes to the presentation of his past trouble [stanzas with lead]: this dramatic recalling of the past is kept up until the effort becomes insupportable, and the singer returns to the opening tone [and rhythm] of triumph with the words, *I had fainted unless*, etc. — In lxxxv the nation celebrates [stanza with lead] return from captivity; then passes to dramatic presentation of that captivity in the form of prayer for deliverance [sextets]; then resumes triumph [stanzas with lead]. — In cxliv the Anthem form is in keeping with the 'mosaic' character of the poem. The stages are clear: triumph [quatrain with lead], the trouble presented in prayer for help [triplets with refrain], the triumph resumed in a *new song* [quatrains], the old refrain interrupting. The peculiarity of this example — that the refrain of the dramatic portion invades the final triumph, making a momentary return to the past trouble — renders it a link between the other cases and that of ix–x, which is a complete duplication of the structure:

Triumph of Judgment
    The oppression dramatically recalled
Triumph resumed
    Oppression again recalled in different dramatic mode
Triumph finally resumed.

[Compare the way in which psalm xxxi duplicates the structure of the dramatic psalms: note on iii.]

ix–x. An Acrostic Anthem of Judgment: the essential structure has just been described in the general note. More particularly: Triumph in the general judgment of God is celebrated [in acrostic quatrains] — dramatic presentation of the oppression [sextet] in the sufferer's cry, changing in the last line to sudden relief — triumph [and acrostic quatrains] resumed — return to presentation of oppression [sextets, with acrostic structure dropped] in general remonstrance under trouble and appeal — triumph [and acrostic quatrains] resumed, at first in a more expectant appeal (*Arise, O God*), and at last in full celebration.

xi. In this Song of Trust a simple stanza of confidence in God interrupts itself at the end of a single line to rehearse indignantly the threats of the unbelieving: these threats are answered, rhythm for rhythm, with the thought expressed by a modern poet in the lines:

God is in heaven,
All's right with the world.

The stanza of simple trust is then calmly resumed and concluded. [The form is Suspension: see page 168.]

xii. Upon the sufferer's prayer against the men of vanity there breaks a Divine word of judgment: the blessedness of this Divine word is felt to be in itself a deliverance, and thus the poem may be reckoned among the dramatic psalms (see on **iii**). [Quatrains.]

xiii. A simple prayer in trouble: appeal and trust. [Quatrains.]

xiv. A rhapsodic picture of judgment. A world is displayed as totally corrupt; a stanza expresses the Divine astonishment at the blindness of the wicked; in the next stanza this very thought in the bosom of Deity is seen to reveal itself as panic spreading among the wicked on earth. A final stanza resolves the whole poem into a fancy picture, with a sigh that it might become a reality! Or this last stanza may be a postscript: compare li, cxxx, cxxxi. [Triplet stanzas.]

xv. This is a variant on the first part of psalm xxiv (see note), enlarging into a meditation what is there an anthem. [Structure: modified envelopment: see page 165.]

xvi

The simple couplet of introduction opens the two elements of the thought:

Preserve me, O God:
For in thee do I put my trust.

A strophe develops the idea of trust in a solemn consecration to the cause of God and his saints; the antistrophe expresses confidence and joy in the sense of a preservation that shall extend beyond Sheol itself. [Antistrophic in strains (*5*, *5*), with introduction.]

The great difficulty of the psalm is the question whether its concluding lines are to be read as implying an immortal life beyond the grave. A strong presumption against such interpre-

tation is the doubt about the very existence of such a conception in the poetry of the Old Testament; only a few ambiguous or obscure passages are claimed for it, while the constant trend of Hebrew thought is to look to long life in this world, and again to life renewed in posterity, as the supreme blessings. In the other two notable passages of the psalms where the topic is approached I have decided for myself against an allusion to immortality (see notes on xlix and lxxiii). In the present case it is less easy to come to a decision: if a future life is not implied, what can the meaning be? for the suggestion of mere preservation from death seems obviously insufficient. It must be remembered, however, that 'life after death' covers two very different conceptions. One is the modern conception of a new spiritual existence commencing with the death of the body; this is so fundamental and revolutionary a faith that it is difficult to believe any people could hold it without its being prominent in their literature. But the phrase covers another conception which was almost universal in early ages — the idea that our present existence does not come entirely to an end with death; as the dead body takes time to crumble into dust, so the soul passed into lower stages of consciousness, as to the end of which imagination seldom explored. This conception often appears in *Job;* and one passage of this poem may be placed side by side with psalm xvi for the sake of contrast:

And thou destroyest the hope of man;
Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth;
Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away;

His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it not;
And they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them;
Only for himself his flesh hath pain,
And for himself his soul mourneth.

With this picture of half existence and blind misery for the prevailing conception of the grave, we can appreciate the poet of the present psalm, and his faith that with God at his right hand he will descend without terror into corruption itself, confident in the paradox that even thence will be found a path of life, — nay, the presence of God in that region is itself sufficient to make pleasures for evermore. — Compare Job's struggles at times for a similar faith (*Job* volume, page xliii).

xvii

This Prayer [in quatrains] combines personal consecration to the cause of righteousness with a cry for the vindication of this cause against its enemies, the connecting link being a purifying visitation of God, in virtue of which the psalmist dares to appeal on the ground of equity for his vindication. — *I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.* A modern reader must be very cautious not to put into such expressions as this the New Testament conception of the resurrection from death. (On the general subject compare note to the previous psalm.) I understand the clause *when I awake* as an example of Direct Metaphor, though of a kind less distinct than those enumerated in the note on that subject (pages 168–174). It may be compared with another phrase of frequent occurrence in Biblical poetry, *in*

the morning: both rest upon the concealed imagery of night changing to day to express a sense of trouble and its passing away in deliverance. In its fullest expression the image may be seen in such passages as these:

Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning (*Psalm* xxx. 5)

At eventide behold terror, and before the morning they are not: this is the portion of them that spoil us, etc. (*Isaiah*, chapter xvii. 14)

and the whole spirit of *Isaiah*, chapters viii, ix: the people who walked in darkness seeing great light. In the more subdued form of metaphor, it may be traced in these passages:

The upright shall have dominion over them in the morning — (*i.e.* when the doom is fallen, and the crisis is past: *Psalm* xlix. 14)

I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning — cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning (*Psalms* lix. 16 and cxliii. 8). Compare psalm xc. 14.

How entirely the idea of night and morning can be identified with the crisis of doom is seen in such passages as these:

At daybreak shall the king of Israel be utterly cut off (*Hosea*, chapter x. 15)

If they speak not according to this word, surely there is no morning for them (*Isaiah*, chapter viii. 20)

The morning is come on thee (A.V. rendering of *Ezekiel*, chapter vii. 7).

With this accepted metaphor of morning for the interposition of providence and assertion of the cause of right, we may paraphrase the last two lines of psalm xvi: *I shall yet again trace the hand of God in the vindication of right; I shall be satisfied, when I have passed through the cloud of trouble, with a resemblance of Divine order in the course of events.* The antithesis of the last stanza is not between the end of the wicked and the end of the righteous; but between the secular ideals of the enemy (mirth of life, and treasure to leave their children when they die), and the psalmist's spiritual ideal, the vindication of right.

xviii. This is a magnificent ode [in strophic structure: introduction, conclusion, and three unequal strophes]. After the introductory ejaculations of triumph, the first strophe pictures the deliverance: at the prayer of the afflicted one all nature is convulsed as the Almighty rushes to the rescue. The second meditates on the principle involved: with the deliverance of the speaker the whole cause of the righteous has triumphed. The third extends this triumph and the confidence it produces to the whole past and future.

xix. Antistrophic form is here applied to the antithesis (it might almost be called an apposition) between the revelation of God in the Heavens above and in the Law within. The question whether the author of this poem in its present form incorporated a lyric of an earlier age cannot affect the literary unity of the whole. The union of the two ideas has impressed the most diverse thinkers of diverse ages. Zoroaster has it (*Yasna*, xxxi. 9):

He who first planned that these skies should be clothed with lights,
He by his wisdom is creator of Righteousness, wherewith to support the best mind.

It was a saying of the German Kant that the starry heavens above and the moral law within him were the perpetual wonders to his soul. So Wordsworth, addressing Duty:

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

In a modified form the same combination inspires the companion psalms ciii, civ, which celebrate the God of the world within and the world without. For the device of setting two contrasted thoughts side by side without any connecting words, compare psalms xxxvi and cxxvii. — More in detail: we have first the general revelation of the heavens, wordless but extending their sphere (image of the measuring line) over the whole earth; then this specialises to the sun as the chief figure in this world-wide revelation; again, there is general celebration of the Law of the Lord, and recognition of its special function to warn against sin: a conclusion dedicates the whole meditation to God. [Antistrophic interlacing (in lines): *8, 6; 8, 6:* with conclusion.]

xx–xxi. An Antiphonal War Anthem: compare psalms lx and cviii. The first part gives the prayers of King and People before the battle [Strophic structure in strains]: the second the thanksgivings after the victory [Antistrophic in couplets: *7, 7*].

xxii. One of the most magnificent of the dramatic psalms: compare note to iii. [Three stanzas of eleven strains each.] 'Forsaken of God' is the starting point: the first stanza contrasts the holy God, enthroned upon the praises of past deliverances, and the sufferer, a mere worm, whose forsaken lot increases the scorn of his foes; yet the same God has been his protector from his helpless infancy. — With the second stanza the trouble intensifies: the thought alternates between external foes (with a massing of imagery from wild beasts and robbers) and internal trouble (all expressions of bodily collapse massed together): the stanza quickens to a cry in the very agony of crisis, and then in the middle of a sentence the shout of deliverance is heard. — The third stanza calls for universal rejoicing: from the psalmist himself, from the meek, the seekers after the Lord, the kindreds of the nations, those in the vigour of life, the dying, the very shades, and the succession of these on earth to all generations. — *They pierced my hands and my feet.* Cheyne understands of dogs biting. Or it may be of robbers binding their victim; so in cv: *his feet they hurt with fetters.*

xxiii. In this most popular of sacred lyrics the thought of Jehovah's protection is developed, first by the single image of the shepherd and his flock, expanded in detail; then by a rapid succession of images: the plentiful supply of food in spite of a blockading enemy, the hospitable feast with its wine and anointing, and (perhaps) the stream of goodness following the singer through the desert of life. [Structure: modified envelopment, see page 165.]

xxiv

Anthems for the Inauguration of Jerusalem. Five anthems may be traced in the psalms as fitting into the historic account of the Inauguration by King David of the newly captured fortress of Jerusalem. Compare in *II Samuel*, chapter vi, the description of the military and choral procession.

> And David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed-Edom into the city of David with joy. And it was so, that when they that bare the ark of the LORD had gone six paces, he sacrificed an ox and a fatling. And David danced before the LORD with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod.
>
> *Anthem: Psalm xxx.*
>
> So David and all the house of Israel brought UP the ark of the LORD with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet.
>
> *Anthem at the foot of the hill: Psalm xxiv. 1–6.*
>
> *Anthem before the gates of the city: Psalm xxiv. 7–10.*
>
> . . . And they brought in the ark of the LORD, and set it in its place, in the midst of the tent that David had pitched for it: and David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings before the LORD.
>
> *Anthem: Psalm cxxxii. 1–9.*
>
> . . . So all the people departed every one to his house. Then David returned to bless his household.
>
> *Anthem: Psalm ci.*

The institution of a sacrifice and a sacred dance of unusual exuberance at the point where the procession had only moved six paces from the start is explained by the incident of Uzzah's violent death, which had made a tragic ending to the attempt three months previously to bring the ark to Jerusalem. In the interim David had made diligent inquiry as to the prescribed ritual for the escort of the ark (*I Chronicles*, chapter xiii. 12 and xv): yet commenced this second attempt with keen anxiety. The six paces were sufficient to signify that the ban was removed: hence the ritual of thanksgiving and vehement rejoicing. An exact anthem for such an occasion is afforded by psalm xxx: a sense of sudden deliverance and escape from impending death, and this just when feelings of immovable prosperity (through the capture of the impregnable Jerusalem) had been quenched by sudden withdrawal of the Divine favour (the matter of Uzzah's death). This identification finds some support in the traditional title of the psalm: *A Song at the Dedication of the House; a Psalm of David.*

The first part of psalm xxiv makes a suitable anthem to be sung on this occasion at the foot of the hill on which Jerusalem stands (compare: *brought up the ark*). The entrance of the ark was about to make the heathen stronghold the hill of Jehovah: the procession pauses to ask, Who is worthy to take part in this sacred inauguration? This identification is assisted by psalm xv, which is a variant to this second anthem. Both poems ask the same question: but psalm xv, a general meditation, phrases it in general terms, *Who shall sojourn . . . dwell?* whereas the anthem sung for this particular occasion at the foot

of the hill has the natural expression, *Who shall ascend?* The independent meditation, moreover, naturally expands in fuller terms the answering description of moral purity as preparation for worship.

The central ceremony of this day of inauguration would be the anthem in front of the gates, and for this purpose the second part of psalm xxiv seems eminently suitable. The whole is a combination of military and religious ceremonial. The suggested anthem is constructed on a military basis (1) of a city summoned to receive a conqueror, and (2) of the phrase *The Lord of Hosts* as a watchword. For the latter note the prominence of the phrase in *II Samuel*, chapter vi (*the ark . . . which is called by the Name, even the Name of the LORD of Hosts . . . David blessed the people in the Name of the LORD of Hosts*). Part of the priestly host represent the Wardens within the city: the rest of the choir, with the army, call upon the ancient fortress to receive the King of Glory, and are answered from within by the challenge, *Who is the King of Glory?* They answer (avoiding the great Name) with other titles of Jehovah. The watchword has not been spoken, and the gates refuse to open. The summons is repeated, and the same challenge from within is heard: at last the watchword of *The LORD of Hosts* is shouted, and the ancient gates open, to receive the ark of Jehovah. The Jebusite city has thus become the City of Jehovah. It is sometimes urged that this anthem would suit any conquering expedition returning to Jerusalem. It would be appropriate enough for subsequent occasions as a repetition of the city's Inaugural Hymn: but for its first production no occasion

could have such adequateness as this which constituted 'the City of David' as Jehovah's City.

Next, the history describes the bearing of the ark into the tabernacle temporarily provided for it by the king: here again there is an offering, and an anthem seems required. Nothing can be more suitable than the first part of psalm cxxxii: indeed it is difficult to imagine any other occasion to fit the words of that psalm. There is first the recital of David's anxious care and vows in reference to preparing a tabernacle for his God; then is suggested a search for the ark and the finding of it *in the field of the wood* (a translation of *Kiriath-jearim*: compare *I Chronicles*, chapter xiii. 5). Then follows a variant of the Levitical formula (compare *Numbers*, x. 36 and 33) for the journeys of the ark, a verse which appears in Solomon's Dedication of the Temple (*II Chronicles*, chapter vi. 41). Thus far is the anthem for David's Tabernacle: what follows is the addition made to it when the Tabernacle of David gives place to the Temple of Solomon. The second part of psalm cxxxii, like the first, consists of quatrain stanzas with a triplet lead; its matter follows *II Samuel*, chapter vii. 12–17, which associates the building of the Temple of Solomon with the promise made to him and his seed.

When the more public ceremonial is completed and the army dismissed, then, the history says, David returned to bless his household. A suitable form of blessing for the king's household on this day of inauguration is psalm ci: vows of purity are made by the king for himself, for his immediate circle, and for his administration of justice. Though the matter of the

song would suit other rulers, yet the final line up to which the rest works as a climax—

To cut off all the workers of iniquity from the City of the LORD—

could never have such appropriateness as for the day on which the Jebusite fortress had been inaugurated as Jehovah's own metropolis. Another link is: *Oh when wilt thou come unto me?* compare *II Samuel*, vi. 9: *David . . . said, How shall the ark of the LORD come unto me?* and *Exodus*, chapter xx. 24: *In every place where I record my name I will come unto thee and I will bless thee.* The reception of the ark had just made David's city a place where God recorded his name, in the sense of the passage of *Exodus*.

These suggested identifications mutually support one another. The objection that the matter of these psalms is in advance of the spiritual character of David's age seems to me an argument of very uncertain force. We have first to assign to David's age its literary products before we can determine its spiritual tone; and in received methods of such historical inquiry there has been, in the opinion of the present editor, far too little attention given to arguments based on literary form and structure.

xxiv. The two Anthems which make up this psalm have just been fully discussed. It may be added that those who object to the identification with the Inauguration of Jerusalem are burdened with the difficulty of explaining how such different lyrics come to be included in the same poem. Blunders of copyists must not be made the scapegoat too often. [The structure of I

is antiphonal and antistrophic in strains: *3*, *3*. That of II is also antiphonal, and has antistrophic interlacing: summons, challenge and answer; summons, challenge and answer; each a single strain.]

XXV

Liturgies. A large number of the psalms are 'liturgical,' that is, associated with 'Divine Service': but four may be classified as complete Liturgies (xxv, xl, lxv, lxxxvi). The essence of a liturgy is that it combines different moods of devotion. In a modern religious service of the simplest kind a congregation of worshippers will stand to sing praise, will kneel in prayer, will sit to hear exhortation: three different moods of worship, reflected in different postures of the worshippers, succeed one another without connecting links, and the whole is considered to constitute a single act of worship. In the same way the psalms enumerated above lack the unity of thought which runs through other poems; but are found to convey in succession supplication, praise, confession of faith, and similar devotional acts: each psalm is a complete liturgy in itself.

The great type of the class is lxv. Here we find brief ejaculations of praise, of prayer, of penitence, in successive couplets. Then there is a larger space given to devout aspiration: the devotion which, in the middle ages, found satisfaction in a monastic life, expresses itself in the psalter in longing to dwell in the house of God. A larger group of verses meditates upon the *answer in righteousness*: one expression for the Hebrew 'judgment,' our providence: the rule of God over the universe and

its peoples. This constitutes an act of faith: counterpart to the creed of a modern liturgy. The psalm passes then into its final mood of adoration, celebrating the work of God in nature and the changing year, from the preparing of the soil to the crowning harvest and rejoicing pastures.

Psalm lxxxvi presents four moods of devotion: supplication with penitence, faith, praise, and again supplication. — Psalm xl has the three divisions of thanksgiving, faith, and supplication. (See note to this psalm for further discussion.) — Psalm xxv has the four divisions of supplication, penitence, confession of faith, and again supplication.

xxv. An Acrostic Liturgy, as described above. [Strophic structure in strains: *5*, *6*, *3*, *7*, and a final strain which may be a postscript.] — For Acrostic psalms, see note to **ix–x**.

xxvi. In interpreting this psalm account must be taken of the envelope figure (see page 165) on which it is constructed: thus the three stanzas must be read in the light of the opening and close. The psalmist appeals to the Searcher of hearts: not in spiritual vainglory, but (as the last line makes clear) by way of preparation for public worship. Before the Divine examiner he is able to claim in the past and present his standing aside from evil, and he prays for the future. This makes a *washing of the hands in innocency*, by which he feels prepared for the service of God's altar. — Compare psalms xv, xvii, and cxxxix. [Structure: modified envelopment and three sextets.]

xxvii. This has been discussed in the note on **ix–x** and Dramatic Anthems. [Structure: the Triumph, antistrophic in

couplets (*6, 6*), — the Trouble recalled, quatrains with couplet lead — the Triumph resumed in a brief echo of the first rhythm.]

xxviii. A simple example of the dramatic psalm: see note on **iii.** Personal trouble with cries for judgment on the wicked finds sudden relief. [Quatrains.]

xxix. This Song of the Thunderstorm is constructed upon the envelope figure: the opening and closing quatrains are subjective, conveying the feelings of the poet observer, first, as the signs of the coming storm move him to thoughts of the grandeur of God; then at the close when he feels himself enveloped in the peace of God's protection. The intervening triplets are objective, and realise a thunderstorm, rising out of the waters, sweeping through the forests, dying away over the wilderness, and leaving a freshness which makes nature seem like a temple where all things are crying Glory. *The voice of the LORD* has made a crashing refrain for this body of the poem, seven times repeated. — *The LORD sat as king at the flood:* although the expression in the original is peculiar to the *Genesis* account of the Deluge, yet it seems impossible to see in this place an allusion to an historic event. The *flood* is either the *waters* from which the tempest arose; or it is an expression suggesting the *fountains of the deep broken up*, and the *opening of the windows of heaven*, which were an element in the description of the Deluge, and which threaten to recur in every furious tempest.

xxx. This has been discussed as one among the Anthems for the Inauguration of Jerusalem: see note on **xxiv.** [Structure: antistrophic alternation (in lines): *6, 6; 3, 3; 4, 4.*]

xxxi. This has been noted amongst the dramatic psalms (see

on iii) as a variation by which the usual transition from trouble to relief is twice presented. It is thus a 'Twice-told Deliverance'; and there is a pendulum-like swaying between two thoughts which is a marked characteristic of Hebrew poetry. At first [in three quatrains] we have reiterated expressions of trust in trouble, with imagery from the rock, the house of defence, the fortress, the net; the relief [a single quatrain] appears as a *setting in a large place*. The rhythm then changes to triplets, and the trouble is expressed in an intensified form; the pendulum spirit of the whole extends to the swaying to and fro between suggestions of internal wasting and of external foes. With the burst of relief there is a return to quatrain rhythm [varied: *aabb* instead of *abbb*]; the imagery is that of the pavilion of peace and the strong city.

xxxii. Simple form [quatrains] conveys a simple experience of sin, confession, forgiveness. The close is a joyous trust: a Divine word of guidance is heard, and the psalmist bids listen submissively.

xxxiii

Festal Hymns. The distinctiveness of the hymn as a lyric type may be expressed by this formula: Given a certain mood of devotion, to find for it matter. Festal Hymns voice the mood proper to any high feast day; I have so classified xxxiii, xlvii; with these may be read the Festal Anthems xcv–c, cxlv–cl, and the Festal Response lxvii. The characteristic form running through these is some alternation between words of praise and matter upon which the praise is to be founded. Thus in the present case there is an opening and closing stanza of praise;

the intervening parts are antistrophic — the strophe celebrating Jehovah as God of the whole world, the antistrophe Israel as his chosen people. [Opening and closing sextets, enveloping a strophe and antistrophe of four quatrains each.]

xxxiv

Votive Hymns. The Votive Hymns of the Bible have all the same character: a personal is merged in a general thanksgiving. This is the character of the traditional Votive Hymns preserved in the historical books (*e.g.* of Hannah, *I Samuel*, chapter ii; of Mary and Zacharias, *Luke*, chapter i); the amount of matter these contain irrelevant to the special circumstances, which is often made an objection against their genuineness, is thus a regular feature of Hebrew thanksgiving. In the Book of Psalms the Votive Hymns are xxxiv, lxvi, xcii; and the succession (cxiii–cxviii) which makes the so called Egyptian Hallel, a sort of Votive Hymn-book. — In xxxiv the union of personal and general is effected in the simplest manner, by an antiphony between Solo and Chorus. After an introduction, the Solo leads off with personal mercies (*I sought the Lord, this and that man cried*, etc.): the Chorus generalises to *them that fear* the Lord. Then the individual experience is widened by the Solo into a lesson for the whole of life; this is generalised by the Chorus. More briefly then personal and general thanksgiving conclude the hymn. [Antiphonal and antistrophic (couplets): *8, 8; 8, 8; 4, 4:* with introduction. The psalm is acrostic (see on ix–x) and has the same acrostic peculiarity as xxv; viz. that one letter is omitted, and one repeated at the end.]

xxxv

Litanies. The term 'litany,' which I have used in the titles to psalms xxxv, lv, lxx, cxxix, is not to be pressed as denoting a distinct literary form; but the four poems have a suggestion of liturgical character in the combination of tones they successively exhibit. In all of them there is an interchange between humble prayer and fierce execration of the foe: this is, on the whole, more suggestive of public ceremonial than of private meditation. The movement of xxxv is especially well marked. It has three lengthy stanzas: in each there is a combination of prayer, execration, and vows. The first stanza starts in military imagery with a cry for succour from oppressive foes. This is succeeded by a burst of execration against the oppressor, military imagery blending with that of the wind and chaff, of the hunter caught in his own net. There is then a vow of praise. In the second stanza execration is modified into a picture of the enemy, and how they rewarded evil for good; there is again a brief cry for succour and vow of praise. The third stanza resumes the prayer for succour in oppression, military imagery now blending with ideas of mockery (all this change of imagery assisting the general character of the poem); there is an appeal for a judgment that will clothe the oppressor with shame and set the righteous shouting; another vow of praise makes the conclusion. It will be felt that this recurrent interchange between prayer, execration, and vow favours the description of the psalm as a public litany rather than a private meditation. [Structure: three stanzas of nine strains each.]

xxxvi. Here, as in psalm xix, antistrophic form is applied to an antithesis or apposition: in this case between the supreme realisation of evil in the wicked life, and the infinite good of Jehovah. First we have the wicked as he is in essence, and as he realises himself in a life of iniquity. Similarly, the antistrophe celebrates God in his essential attributes, and as the beneficent power of the whole created world. For conclusion, the psalmist looks to God as the source of all, and places himself under his lovingkindness; he separates himself from the wicked, and their judgment. [Antistrophic (in lines): *4 a, 5 b; 4 a, 5 b:* with conclusion.] — *The transgression of the wicked uttereth its oracle within his heart:* a powerful expression, turning of course on the idea of *oracles* as the utterances of God. There are three stages of moral decline: at first the sinner has to sin in the teeth of the remonstrances of conscience; then conscience is dead and he sins peaceably; there is a lower depth when conscience takes the side of evil, and its secret promptings replace the 'oracles' of God: evil has now become the sinner's good.

xxxvii–xli

There is plausibility in the suggestion that this group of consecutive psalms forms one of the psalters within the psalter: a collection of notable Psalms of Affliction and Deliverance, with the usual acrostic meditation by way of preface — in this case a meditation on the ways of providence in apparently granting prosperity to the wicked, and afflicting the righteous.

xxxvii. A gnomic Meditation, with acrostic structure. [For the latter, see on **ix–x**.] The doctrine of the insecure prosperity of the wicked, so difficult to faith in view of the facts of life, is supported by a *tour de force* of gnomic sayings woven together; the meditative poise of mind is kept even by reiteration of similar expressions — images of peace and a quiet mind, the wicked *cut down like a tree*, uprooted *that its place knows it no more*, *his day is coming*, *I have seen* . . . Where enumeration is so large a part of the thought, the acrostic structure is a distinct assistance: it suggests supporting truths recurring with the regularity of the alphabet. [Acrostic quatrains.]

xxxviii. In this prayer of distress antistrophic form is applied to present separately what in the psalms of trouble are usually mingled together: internal trouble — wounds, corruption, iniquity, burning, groans, throbs, a plague from which all flee — and external foes, before which the speaker is passive from consciousness of sin. He repents of his sin, but the foes pursue him because he is a follower of good. [Antistrophic (in strains): *10, 10.*]

xxxix. A struggle with despair. What in the first strophe the psalmist has been struggling to keep down is despair of life, which in a follower of God is equivalent to sin; in the antistrophe the trouble is too strong, and he breaks out: Let me know the worst. (Compare Job's wife: Renounce God and die.) — With a slight change in rhythm and thought, a second strophe places hope in God: the psalmist acknowledges God's righteous stroke, but it is consuming him (his punishment is greater than he can bear). The antistrophe pleads how at best

man is but a sojourner, and for a respite before the end. (A very close parallel in *Job*, section 10.) [Antistrophic alternation (in strains): *4, 4; 3, 3.*]

xl. A Liturgy (see on **xxv**) in three moods: thanksgiving, confession of faith, supplication. In the first strophe deliverance from trouble has put a new song in the psalmist's mouth; the antistrophe contains the new song, which, like the votive hymns, mingles personal and general praise. — We then pass to a confession of faith. Here form becomes very important for interpretation. Antistrophic structure is modified by parenthetic enlargement, which plays so prominent a part in Hezekiah's Song of Thanksgiving (see *Isaiah* volume, pages 123 and 242). The creed so announced is the supremacy of praise over sacrifice and offering; it is a new faith, generated out of this experience of affliction and relief. Accordingly, while the antistrophic lines are putting the doctrine, the parenthetic clauses are bringing out the newness of the thought: how (by the affliction) the psalmist's ears were opened to a new conception, how he finds it in the law itself, how it has passed as a law into his very heart, how, finally, he cannot refrain his lips from this meed of praise. — The transition into the mood of perfectly general supplication indicates how entirely liturgical is the whole psalm. Here external and internal trouble are combined; a strophe of pleading is balanced by an antistrophe of execration; a refrain (enlarged as repeated) keeps the whole to the tone of supplication. [Antistrophic alternation (in lines): *6, 6; 4, 4* with parenthetic enlargements; *5, 5* with refrain, enlarging.]

xli. The common topic of trouble and relief appears in a

new light: integrity of life, shown, for example, in goodness to the poor, brings deliverance even in the midst of punishment for actual transgressions. [Strophic structure (in strains): *3, 7, 2.*]

BOOK II

xlii–iii. I have already, in the note on Direct Metaphor (above, page 172), discussed this poem, and expressed, not without doubt, the opinion that the local expressions at the commencement of the second stanza need not mean the actual exile of the speaker, but may be exile used as an image. The one positive element in the situation is exile from the house of God: the usual Hebrew thought of the devout life here appears on its elegiac side. The poem is made up of three stanzas, with a refrain: the words of the refrain are unaltered, but with the movement of the poem its thought seems to change. [Compare lvii.] The first stanza breathes unbroken despondency: we have trouble and longing, panting, thirsting, tears, and taunts, with memories as a climax. With the opening of the second stanza the despondency deepens: when he would remember his God the psalmist feels himself as it were thrust away to an outermost distance; plunged deeper and deeper by some cataract, as the echo of its fall goes down. Just in the centre of the poem there is a faint break in the despondency: we hear of songs in the night, reproaches to the God who forgets the foe that is equally his own foe. From such reproach the third stanza rises to an appeal for judgment against the foes, who are then a *nation* opposed to God: the nascent hope has strengthened from songs in the night

to the breaking out of light, and we regain the *leading* and pictured procession to the altar of God. The refrain can now be indued with a sense of pure hope. [Three stanzas of five strains each, with refrain.]

xliv. A National Elegy. I have already noted (page 163) the beautiful effect of Diminution, by which the antistrophic stanzas of this poem diminish from five to four, to three, to two couplets, as a mode of conveying elegiac tone. National trouble is seen in the light of past glory:

The works of our fathers' days.
The song of the fathers.
Present humiliation, from our own side.
The same, as seen by the foes.
Protest that we have not been false to the covenant.
Appeal to the Searcher of hearts.
Awake against the oppressor!
Awake for the afflicted!

[Antistrophic alternation (in couplets): *5, 5; 4, 4; 3, 3; 2, 2.*]

xlv. A Royal Marriage Hymn. Antistrophic form is appropriately applied to bridegroom and bride. First, we have the royal bridegroom described: the grace of the warrior and his majestic career in the cause of equity. His procession fills up the rest of the strophe, with suggestions of perfume and music, and, as chief of the suite, the queen-mother and her attendants. (So I understand *the Queen in gold of Ophir*: compare the prominence of the king's mother in the technical enumerations of *Kings*; compare also *Judges*, chapter v. 28.) The antistrophe

similarly presents the bride in her wedding apparel, with her suite of virgins, and adds thoughts of wifely submission and offspring. [Antistrophic (in strains): *8, 8 :* with introduction.]

xlvi

Occasional Hymns, or Hymns for Special Occasions. Besides the Anthems for the Inauguration of Jerusalem (see on **xxiv**), there is a group of psalms, the whole tenor and form of which suggest the celebration of a special event — the overthrow of Sennacherib's army, and sudden deliverance of Jerusalem. These psalms are xlvi, xlviii, lxxvi: Professor Kirkpatrick would add xlvii, especially in view of its position; but this last follows so exactly the model of the general Festal Hymns (see on **xxxiii**) that I do not see how it can be specialised to any one occasion. The form of xlvi is a shout of refrain, to which successive stanzas supply matter. [The refrain has been omitted in ordinary versions after the third verse: there have been similar omissions in lxvii and xcix.] The first refrain is parenthetic, the thought of the first stanza running over into the second. We have rocking mountains and swelling seas: in contrast, the quiet of a river, that embraces a city with God in its midst. Again, we have nations and kingdoms rising in storm: a word from God, and the very ground melts under their feet. The third stanza opens with a bold change of thought: Behold God as the desolator: war is desolation, but Jehovah is the destroyer of war! As a climax, God speaks his own exaltation over the nations. [Three stanzas of three strains each, with refrain.]

xlvii. A Festal Hymn (see on **xxxiii**). Its general purpose will thus be to glorify the God of the whole earth; more specifically, it celebrates him as if ascending from the conquest of the whole world. Ejaculations of praise and triumph alternate with matter for praise: a world subdued, and princes of peoples added to the people of Abraham. [Pendulum structure: see page 165.]

xlviii. One of the Sennacherib psalms: see on **xlvi**. Simple joy over the delivered city — description of the enemy's panic — thanksgiving in the temple — sense of freedom in again walking about outside the city, counting the towers, as if to see that all were really safe. [Sextets.]

xlix. An introduction to this poem calls deep attention to a *parable* and *dark saying*: the dark saying is then expounded in strophe and antistrophe, emphasised by (varying) refrain, which are to be read, not as mystery and solution, but as two stages in the complete development of a truth. The whole thought is, the Vanity of Splendour in the light of inevitable death. Why fear the wicked? there is no redeeming with all his wealth a single soul: wisdom, folly, wealth, all perish. In the antistrophe there is an emphasis of contrast: but it is not the contrast between the destiny of the wicked and the righteous, nor does it bring this and a future life into antithesis. It is difficult for a modern reader not to understand this last in the lines:

> *But God will redeem my soul from the power of Sheol:*
> *For he shall receive me.*

Yet such interpretation is impossible: the conception of a future existence redressing the inequalities of this life is certainly not

such a tenet of old Hebrew poets that it could be alluded to here, without statement or discussion. Moreover, if such were the thought, it must surely continue to dominate the rest of the psalm, which on the contrary finds its final climax in the loss by the wicked of their earthly glory. (Compare on **xvi**; and contrast the elaborate pictures of the wicked and the righteous in *The Wisdom of Solomon*, where the doctrine of immortality has come in.) The antithesis, as Professor Cheyne points out, is between *God redeeming* the righteous from death, and the *none can redeem himself* applied to the wicked. While the prosperous are living in their confidence, they are all the while a flock of sheep being led forward by the shepherd Death; when the crisis of visitation is passed it is the upright who will be seen in exaltation, and the prosperous wicked as their fallen foes [this is the effect of *in the morning*: compare above, note to **xvii**]; they will be consuming to nothing in the abyss, while God has redeemed the righteous from the fatal visitation, and left him in life and favour. Hence the variation in the refrain: the strophe puts the inevitable dispensation of death (*man in honour abideth not*), the antistrophe, by contrast of the righteous saved when the wicked are overtaken, puts meaning into the Divine dispensation (*man that is in honour and understandeth not*, etc.). [Antistrophic (in lines): *16*, *16* with (varying) refrain and introduction. A parenthetic couplet marks strophe and antistrophe, appearing (by 'variation': page 156) at different places in each.]

1. This magnificent Vision has been fully discussed above, page 162.

li. This is an appeal for deliverance, not as in most psalms from trouble, but from sense of sin. There is a progression of thought through successive stanzas, if, as in the text, an arrangement in sextets be followed, instead of the usual division into quatrains. The appeal is only to God's mercy: the sin is wholly acknowledged — God is only just; the penitent is nothing but iniquity — purification is claimed to the inward depths — more than this, a restoration that will blot out the past and create new power for the future — restoration will bring joy, and an energy overflowing in bringing back others — summary: it must be God who shall do it all, there is no sacrifice, but the sacrifice of the spirit. — A postscript (in different rhythm) makes fresh application to national ruin and restoration. [Sextet stanzas: postscript, a quatrain; or possibly this should be divided as two strains.]

lii. A typical Song of Judgment: antistrophic form presents the oppressor, and the oppressor overthrown. A doxology concludes. [Antistrophic (in strains): *4, 4*: with conclusion.]

liii. This is a duplicate of **xiv**, with *God* substituted for *The LORD*. There is a considerable change in stanza five.

liv. A dramatic psalm (see on **iii**), presenting trouble and relief. [Strophic structure (in strains): *5, 2*.]

lv. This litany (see on **xxxv**) has been already analysed in the note on Interruption (page 166). [Stanzas of sextets (the last varied) interrupted by antistrophic structure (in couplets): *8, 8*.]

lvi. A simple dramatic psalm (see on **iii**), presenting trouble and relief. In the first strophe the phraseology suggests war, in

the second persecution: this may be understood by making the whole a national monologue, or (what is usual in such psalms) the idealising of the trouble. [Strophic structure (in strains): *3* and refrain, *5* and refrain; and, after the dramatic break, *2*.]

lvii. A very striking example of the antistrophic form applied to the presentation of trouble and relief. As with xlii–iii, there is a refrain which, though unaltered in words, takes a different spirit from the two strophes to which it is attached. The trouble is generalised; and the break comes suddenly (compare xxii), in the middle of the first stanza of the antistrophe. [Antistrophic (in stanzas): *3*, *3*: with refrain.]

lviii. This Song of Judgment is a vehement remonstrance addressed to 'judges'—a vague O.T. term for ruling powers in general. The form is antistrophic. The strophe apostrophises indignantly the delinquent 'judges' themselves, and then elaborates a picture of moral disorder, with four striking images: exact measurement applied to iniquity, monstrosity (creatures born lying), the serpent whose venom is natural, the adder deaf to softening influences. The antistrophe balances this with a passionate execration, followed by an extended picture of destruction in four images: melting snows, a snail melting into slime as it crawls, an abortion, a boiling pot swept away, fire and all, by the desert whirlwind before the sticks have had time to catch. A conclusion expresses the rejoicing of the righteous. [Antistrophic (in lines): *2 a*, *7 b*; *2 a*, *7 b*: with conclusion.]

lix. A vigorous War Ballad, somewhat obscure from our want of knowledge of the circumstances referred to. Probably,

although the language is not quite clear, it is to be reckoned as a dramatic psalm (see on iii), the dramatic break taking place after the last line of page 121. The picture is apparently that of a rabble foe: not only do we find the word *heathen*, but there are suggestions of a barbarous tongue [*belch out with their mouth — make a noise like a dog — swords are in their lips:* compare cxx], and nomad ways:

They return at evening,
They make a noise like a dog,
And go round about the city.

The recurrence of this stanza is suggestive of swarming by night. — The first strophe [of quatrains] treats the whole as a visitation of God; protests innocence, and invokes God against the heathen. A second strophe, in a rapid triplet metre, pictures the night swarming and the barbarous jargon. The first antistrophe is an imprecation: not death is desired, but that the rabble foe may go swarming on for ever. The second antistrophe is apparently resuming the former picture, when it appears to change, and suggest a deliverance: the enemy seen swarming on, hungry and unsatisfied, while the psalmist rejoices in his Strength, now the crisis has passed away (*in the morning*, compare note on xvii). [Antistrophic interlacing (in stanzas): four quatrains, four triplets; four quatrains, four triplets.]

lx, cviii

It is clear that psalms lx and cviii are companion poems: they come under the general head of War Anthems (compare

xx, xxi). One is a hymn of defeat, the other of victory. There is antiphony as between People and King. Apparently lx is to be considered a dramatic psalm (see on iii), the final couplet of the people implying deliverance, so far as recovered confidence in God. On the other hand, cviii has the more extended form of the Dramatic Anthem (see on ix–x): the opening triumph, the trouble recalled in the King's solo, and the resumption of triumph in the People's chorus. [lx has quatrains, and half quatrain at close, enveloping sextets with couplet lead: antiphonal. — cviii has two quatrains and a half at the commencement, the remaining half quatrain at the close, enveloping sextets with couplet lead: antiphonal.]

lxi, lxiii have been already discussed in the note (pages 172–3) on Direct Metaphor. [lxi is in quatrains. — lxiii is in triplets and sextets: apparently an example of Duplication (page 159).]

lxii. This Song of Trust is antistrophic in form, with the peculiarity of initial refrains. The refrain opens the chief image of the song, God as a rock: the strophe pictures persecution, using the contrasting image of a tottering wall. The antistrophe reiterates the idea of God as a rock of refuge, adding the image of a balance for the weighing of the foe. The conclusion makes a grand formula of judgment, on its two sides, of power as against the persecutor, and mercy for the oppressed. [Antistrophic (in stanzas), including initial refrains: *3*, *3*: with gnomic conclusion.]

lxiv. A Conspiracy of Iniquity is pictured: treacherous foes,

who fight with words and snares and secret schemes. There is a suggestion of the sudden arrow of God, with the triumph transferred to the righteous. [Quatrains.]

lxv. See analysis in note to **xxv**, on **Liturgies.**

lxvi. A Votive Hymn: compare on **xxxiv.** This is, like xxxiv, a typical example; in this case it is antistrophic form which is used to distinguish the two elements — Israel's blessings, the individual worshipper's vow. [Antistrophic (in strains): *8, 8 :* with introduction.]

lxvii. This is plainly the Response of the Congregation to the High Priest's blessing (*Numbers*, x. 35). It is a 'Festal Response,' in being suitable for any high ceremonial, and it cannot be specialised to harvest or any other particular occasion. [Sextet stanzas, including refrain. This has to be restored for the last stanza : compare xlvi and xcix.]

lxviii

This magnificent lyric is a Processional Hymn. Though no doubt originally composed for some specific occasion, it has nothing to limit it as such; but might be used by the Hebrews in the same way as Christians celebrate triumphs by singing *Te Deum*. Not only does this ode at one point picture the actual procession of the day, but the idea of procession as concealed imagery is made to run through the whole; until the past, present, and future of Israel's history have appeared as a series of vast processions. — The introduction starts from the traditional formula of procession : the song of the Levites starting with the ark. — Then I reviews the past. First, the wilderness life of Israel

is suggested as a procession of *him that rideth through the deserts*: the oppressed and solitary prisoners of Egypt have been multiplied into the families of a prosperous land. The people marched through the wilderness, with their God before them, Sinai itself trembling at the presence: a plentiful rain [of manna: compare the prominence of this in the Wilderness Anthem, cxxxvi] was prepared by the good God to strengthen his weary inheritance while they must dwell in the desert. So far strophe: the antistrophe proceeds to the conquest of the land of promise. It is presented with such compressed force, that it becomes a victorious procession from Bashan to Mount Zion. The conquest appears as but two notes: Jehovah giving the word of advance, the women publishing the tidings of victories. What follows is intelligible and forceful as disconnected snatches of war ballads (lines printed in italics): on any other view the words are barely intelligible. The compressed brevity appears again in bringing together Bashan (first stage of conquest) and Zion (the final metropolis): all between vanishes. Here again are snatches of conquest songs, each caught up in triumphant assertion. The whole past of Israel becomes one procession: *Sinai is in the sanctuary.* — With II we pass to the present, the rhythm partly changing. God is a God of daily deliverances: he who brought from the Red Sea and from Bashan brought us that we might go on to conquer. Another strophe realises the actual procession of the day: singers, dancers, minstrels, and the tribes in their order. Its antistrophe turns to the future, and again the dominant image appears: the future of Israel is a procession of the peoples (compare lxxxvii), flocking to the temple at Jerusalem

[the various peoples are described by symbolic names: *the wild beast of the reeds* is no doubt Egypt, the rest can only be guessed at], distant Ethiopia bringing up the rear. The antistrophe that remains is a final ascription of praise, but (in an echo from the Blessing of Moses: compare *Deuteronomy*, chapter xxxiii. 26) is able to keep up the processional imagery: God *rideth upon the heavens of heavens.* [Structure: compound antistrophy. After the introduction, I is antistrophic (in quatrain stanzas): *4, 4.* — II has antistrophic inversion (in lines): *10, 9; 9, 10.*]

lxix. This has been analysed above (page 167) in the note on Interruption. [Structure: stanzas of four strains each, interrupted (before the close of the sixth stanza) by strophe (seven couplets); after the conclusion of the sixth stanza the antistrophe (seven couplets) is added.]

lxx. A litany (see on **xxxv**) taken from the liturgy, psalm **xl.** [As it stands by itself, it has the form of modified envelopment (page 165), being made up of the two refrains of xl verbally varied, with the antistrophe standing between them.

lxxi. A dramatic psalm (see on **iii**): presenting the usual change from trouble to relief. The trouble is generalised to external foes, with the added circumstance of old age that leaves less strength to meet them. The two long stanzas each consist of appeal founded on the past, with the idea of old age at the close; the shorter stanzas are commencing a more hopeful appeal when the change comes. [Stanzas (of strains): *9, 9; 3, 3.*]

lxxii. See on **ii.** This psalm has usually been interpreted as an encomium on Solomon, founded on the oracle of his king-

ship in *II Samuel*, chapter vii. 16. But (in spite of the court formula, *O king live for ever*) the words, *They shall fear thee while the sun endureth . . . throughout all generations*, are against a personal interpretation; and the suggestions of universal dominion rather favour an application to the ideal Messianic king of psalms ii and cx. Against this last, however, the opening couplet has force: *Give the king thy judgements . . . and thy righteousness unto the king's son.* The title I have affixed to the psalm suggests the idea of a *dynasty of righteousness*, as a conception intermediate between the original idea of a king, glorious, but ruling Israel only (*e.g.* xx, xxi, etc.), and the mystic king over the whole world. [Antistrophic (in strains): *9, 9.*]

216

DATE DUE	

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500

All items are subject to recall.

GTU Library
3 2400 00328 5842

Bible. English CB92
1896
The modern reader's Bible v.8

DOXEY
IMPORTER